

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## JAPANESE SHUT OUT OF AMERICA

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### THE LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN

#### A PASSER-BY IN OUR CROWDED STREETS

Friend of Kings and Queens  
Beloved by the Poor

#### FROM MAYFAIR TO WHITECHAPEL

By One Who Knows Him

Through the London streets, crowded just now with visitors from the country and visitors from overseas, a little old gentleman makes his way to the unfashionable quarter of Whitechapel, away in the East End.

He is jostled by Americans anxious to catch a glimpse of the King and Queen, pushed on one side by Australians and Canadians hurrying forward to see the mounting of the guard at St. James's Palace, nearly run over in crossing the street by charabancs full of Yorkshire and Lancashire folk on their way to the Exhibition at Wembley.

#### In the Greatest Houses

Few people take any notice of him. He is small, and he is anything but showy in his appearance. Indeed, there is something a little shabby and a trifle dusty in his clothes, which were once, long ago, the fashionable garments of a man about town. Moreover, he is old. He is plainly a survival—feeble, sad, and quaint rather than picturesque; nobody up in London to see the sights would give him a moment's attention.

Yet this little old gentleman is the friend of kings and queens, a loved figure in some of the greatest houses in England, and a popular member of one of the most exclusive clubs in London.

#### Patients Who Have No Visitors

Why is he walking from Mayfair to such a place as Whitechapel?

He is going down to call upon people lying ill and perhaps dying in a hospital. He does not know them, but he does know, for the authorities of the hospital tell him, that there are certain patients in the various wards who never receive visits from friends—lonely people who find that time drags heavily and wearily in a London hospital, and who look with sad envy at other patients surrounded by visitors. He is going to sit by their bedside and talk to them of anything that he discovers is able to amuse them.

On another day in the week you will find this little old gentleman going to the East End to call upon old and neglected people in the slums. He knows these people very well, he has known them for many years, ever since he set about doing little acts of kindness, and they look forward to his weekly visit as a child looks forward to a birthday dinner. He tells them all the gossip of the fashionable world, and they, in return, tell him all the latest jokes of the slums in which they live. On

### Everybody's Friend



The policeman is always a friend of the children on Bank Holidays, for when families go to open spaces like Hampstead Heath, in London, for a day's enjoyment, the little children often wander away, and it is generally the policeman who finds them and restores them to their parents. This occurred in many cases on Whit Monday

yet another day you will see him making his way towards Regent's Park, and if you followed him you would see him later on walking across the wide green spaces or under the tall shady trees, with his arm through the arm of a blinded soldier, talking to him of some book he has just been reading, or reporting to him what people of authority are now saying about this and that particular statesman.

Such is the life of a man who was at Eton many years ago, who has friends among all the great people of the country, and who now lives in a tiny house, with an old butler and an old housekeeper to look after his simple wants, among a few beautiful and charming things which are full of memories of his father and his mother and the days of his youth.

He thinks the world is now noisier and less well-mannered than it was forty years ago; but he will tell you that it is

more full of kindness than ever it was, and that for real heroism and fine character the poor people of our crowded city slums have no equal anywhere in the whole world.

#### PLANTS WHICH WRITE THEIR OWN HISTORY

A new step has been taken by the National Museum of Wales at Cardiff in exhibiting to the public many kinds of instruments used in experimental botany.

Among them is the Auxanometer, which automatically records the growth of a flower stem. The stem sets in operation a pen which marks the growth of the plant every half hour, and a chart is produced on a paper wrapped round a revolving drum which shows the rate of growth and the varying influence on growth of day-time and night-time.

Another interesting bit of apparatus shows the sap rising in a plant stem, and measures its progress day by day.

### A KING'S WAY WITH EAVESDROPPERS

#### ARAB CALIPH AND HIS TELEPHONE

What Happens When "Number One Mecca" Speaks

#### PROGRESSIVE RULER OF THE EAST

The new Arab Caliph, King Hussein of Hejaz, has had the telephone system installed in Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed, and has insisted that his own number, as befitting a king, should be No. 1 Mecca.

But the king has not stopped here in asserting his power and dignity. In order that his words may not be overheard when he is carrying on a conversation he has insisted that the telephone service shall be so arranged that the lifting of his receiver automatically disconnects all other telephones! Till the royal conversation is finished and the king's receiver is replaced on its hook, no other telephone can be used in Mecca!

Not content with the telephone, the king has also had a wireless station erected outside Mecca. It is used for official purposes only.

#### The Caliph's Fountain Pen

The enemies of the king would like the Western world to believe that he is a mere desert sheikh, untutored and unlettered, but, as a correspondent of The Times points out, he is very far from this.

While the new Arabian Caliph has many patriarchal traits in his character (says the correspondent), he is less primitive in outlook than some suppose.

Untutored His Majesty certainly is not, and it is hardly justifiable to apply the belittling description of a mere desert sheikh to a monarch who is not only editor-in-chief of El Kibla, the official organ of the Hejazi Government, but often actually writes the leading articles, and generally makes a point of reading the whole paper in proof.

The reading and correcting of Arabic galley-proofs is a matter of no small technical nicety, and both King Hussein and his Heir Apparent, the Emir Ali, have been seen in their tents at Shuneh hard at work with fountain pens, improving the grammar, polishing the periods, and perfecting the stops of the next issue of El Kibla.

#### Changes of a Century

It is one of the most amazing signs of the times, this progress at Mecca. Who would have thought it possible, ten years ago, to find at the birthplace of the Prophet, the sacred centre of the Moslem world, such things as telephones, newspapers, and wireless?

It is little more than a hundred years ago that Mecca was visited for the first time by a European traveller, John Burckhardt, who ran enormous risks, but owing to native fanaticism he has found very few followers. Now, however, under its enterprising King, Mecca seems to be modernising itself.



## THE CALENDAR MUDDLE

### WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH IT?

League of Nations Thinking It All Out

#### THIRTEEN MONTHS IN A YEAR

The need for a reform of our very irregular Calendar has now been so widely felt that a commission has been appointed by the League of Nations to deal with the subject.

There have been many methods of measuring time. The astronomical basis of the year is now felt universally to be final, but how can the year be best divided? Our months of varying length are certainly a clumsy arrangement. Business methods require some more regular and easy division that will standardise time for all the world. The League of Nations committee has at least three suggestions before it.

One proposal is that the year shall be divided into four quarters of 91 days each, or 13 weeks of 7 days, with the extra time added to one of the quarters and the necessary additional adjustment made in leap year.

Another proposal is that all extra days be suppressed, and that every fifth year be made up of 53 weeks.

But the simplest of all arrangements is probably one of 52 weeks grouped into 13 months of 28 days each. This would entail adding one day in each year and an additional day each leap year.

#### Naming the Odd Days

A C.N. reader in Scotland suggests that Christmas Day might be the additional day in each year, and be known by that name without any date, and that Leap Year Day might similarly be known only by its name in its year, and not be numbered. If that were done there would be 13 months (one to be named, he suggests, with the name Lunar), each month having 28 days; and the days of the week would fall in a regular sequence, as follows.

Monday	.. 1	8	15	22
Tuesday	.. 2	9	16	23
Wednesday	3	10	17	24
Thursday	.. 4	11	18	25
Friday	.. 5	12	19	26
Saturday	.. 6	13	20	27
Sunday	.. 7	14	21	28

How the general public would accept this business-like simplification of dating is an interesting question. For example, birthday celebrations would all be disarranged. Everyone who has not been born between January 1 and January 28 would have a fresh birthday date.

## SLOW STARVATION

### How It Changes the Body

Moscow is now said to be well fed and even well shod, and the awful times of starvation are past.

But when things were at their worst Professor Alexis Kharkovsky began a scientific investigation, which has now lasted three years, of the effects of insufficient food on all the people he could examine. There were 2114 people in his lists, and he weighed and examined them every six months, if they did not die in the meantime.

He found that, first of all, the body fat went. Then the muscles of his 2000 people began to shrink, and after that their bodies. Some of them lost up to one-third of their body weight.

The most curious thing was that they diminished in size like very old people. Among men the height was diminished by one-and-a-half to two-and-a-half inches. Women's height shrank a little less, never quite as much as two inches. The shape of the head changed, and it became relatively broader as it shrank back and front. The length of the face decreased, but its breadth decreased even more.

## GEORGE MACDONALD

### A POET THE CHILDREN LOVE

How He Built up Fame on Oatmeal, Education, and Poverty

#### HIS LIFE BY HIS SON

GEORGE MACDONALD AND HIS WIFE. By Greville MacDonald, M.D. Allen & Unwin. 21s.

More than eighteen years ago died George MacDonald, poet, preacher, novelist, and writer of fairy tales, and his life, intertwined with that of his wife, has now been written by their son.

The father preferred that a formal life should not be written, but, as other biographers were not respecting that wish, Dr. Greville MacDonald felt it was best to write a family record, and we feel that every reader of the book will think he has acted wisely.

#### Acting Scenes from Bunyan

The interweaving of the lives of husband and wife was also an act of justice, for Mrs. MacDonald had almost as distinctive a personality as her husband; and indeed the whole family, owing largely to their mother's influence, formed a group which made an impressive artistic appeal to the public of their day by their acting of scenes from Bunyan's masterpiece.

No one else could have given such a picture of George MacDonald's character and life as his son has given, or could have interpreted so faithfully his spirit, aims, and art. One of the chief attractions of the book is its illustration of the delicacy with which a son may express his admiration of gifted parents, and present them to the world as they were known to the family.

#### A Poet from Boyhood

George MacDonald was a Celt from the Aberdeenshire country of the Gordons, brought up on oatmeal, education, and poverty. His father, a man of sterling character cast in the Puritan mould, had an intellectual strength at least equal to his own, and was his trusted adviser. From boyhood George was a poet, with an ever-present sense of romance, always seeking expression.

From first to last he claimed the right to be himself, following what he felt to be his best thoughts. This freedom did not lead him to use his hard-won university education at Aberdeen to prepare for some definite career. When he had taken his degree, after studies broken for one session by the need to earn his maintenance for the next session—a difficulty surmounted by cataloguing a nobleman's library—he went up to London as tutor in a family.

#### The Path of Friendship

Really he was waiting to find his vocation of teaching and preaching by pen and voice; and he came to it through friendships. For friendship MacDonald had a genius, and no man has ever been better served by his friends. One of his first acts in London was to fall in love with the lady he married. Then he studied for the ministry. Though he preached at intervals all his life, and in America rejected an offer of 20,000 dollars a year to settle down to a pastorate, he only had a brief charge of a church once—at Arundel.

The fact is that he was too much of an individualist in thought and action to work in other people's harness. It was a true choice that made him a poet, novelist, inventor of fairy lore, and a lecturer here and there, seeking always to enlarge men's minds to receive religion in its broadest and purest forms.

George MacDonald emptied his individuality into his books. How completely he did this is finely shown in this admirable biography. There is a special fitness in the C.N. noticing this revival of his life's work, for the best of it was that which appeals to children. A true poet (he wrote, of course, Where Did You Come From, Baby Dear), a powerful novelist when his characters grew out of the freshness of his youthful

## A STONE WITH A HISTORY

Witness to Christianity in the Long Ago

#### A CHINESE MONUMENT

A man has just left England who has made more than one effort to get for the British Museum perhaps the earliest relic that is known of the spreading power of Christianity through the Far Eastern world.

This is Mr. Holm, who sought out a number of years ago the great stone tablet in the Province of Shensi, in Northern China, whereon it is recorded that the Nestorian Christians reached that place in the year 685 A.D.

The Nestorians had a peculiar belief though they were Christians, and were even persecuted for it. Their fervour is shown by the way in which they penetrated into Asia. They must have stopped long near Sian-Fu, where the stone tablet is set up, for it was not raised till 781 A.D. Its inscription tells of their faith.

It was first found and translated by another traveller, Alexander Wylie, and it was the study of Wylie's translation at the British Museum that sent Mr. Holm off to find it. He found it, and wanted to bring it back and present it to the British Museum. This the Chinese would not allow. So then Mr. Holm had a replica made of it, which weighed two tons.

With immense difficulty he got this away; and, after being in the Metropolitan Museum in New York for eight years, it has now been removed to the Vatican.

The Chinese have now removed the original Nestorian tablet from the lonely place where it rested to the town of Sian-Fu, where it is hoped it may be safe from brigands.

## TWO BIG EVENTS

### 1500 Children Teach a Lesson

Two events of importance for children all over the world took place last month.

One was the celebration of the eightieth anniversary of the establishment of the Shaftesbury Society and Ragged School Union, which has done so much to change the life of the child, especially the child born in poverty, in this country.

The other event was the big spectacular display at the London Albert Hall, organised by the Salvation Army, showing what can be done for all sorts of children when the best influences of all are brought into their lives.

The idea at the back of this demonstration, in which 1500 children took part, was that the Secret of Service is of greater value than the getting of wealth or position.

Boys and girls from the age of three were shown learning "team work," serving others in music and song, and in other ways.

At the end of the evening the idea was carried even farther, and the boys and girls of London were shown as a little group with its counterpart in every corner of the globe, for a big "world" was built up in the arena, and round it gathered boys and girls representing every country where the Army flag is flying.

It was an important event, because the lesson taught by these 1500 children was that happiness and usefulness go hand in hand, and helped to make clear to the 8000 people looking on that the future health and happiness of the race depend on each country doing its best to help the others.

Continued from the previous column

observation in his native district, and a religious teacher who freed men's minds from the fetters of the past, he was, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton says in an illuminating introduction, most magical in his allegorical stories for children.

It is an unalloyed delight to think that this biography may have the effect of reviving popular interest in the whole range of MacDonald's writings, but most of all in his unsurpassed fairy lore.

## AN ENGINE SECRET

### New Kind of Fuel

WILL IT TAKE THE PLACE OF WATER IN THE STEAM ENGINE?

The steam engine continues to make progress, quite undisturbed by the steady advances of its rival, the oil engine, but whether steam will prove to be the prime power to drive it in the future is a question of doubt.

Water has been used to produce the vapour which exerts its pressure in the engine cylinders ever since Watt made his wonderful invention. Quite recently water has been used in conjunction with mercury in the two-fluid engine described a week or two ago in the C.N.

But now comes news of a new fluid which can replace the water in a steam engine or turbine, the vapour of which produces something like six times the power of ordinary steam.

Experiments have been made from time to time with other liquids, such as ether, but most of these liquids are highly inflammable and would be too dangerous to use on a practical scale. Such liquids have been used in France in an experimental way, and some of them have been found to produce power far ahead of that obtained with steam.

The new liquid, which is not inflammable, has been tested by the United States Bureau of Standards, and its vapour has been found to exert a pressure of 1000 pounds to the square inch at a temperature at which steam exerts a pressure of only 300 pounds per square inch. So easily is the liquid vapourised that a boiler filled with it, and merely immersed in the hot water from a tap, will produce vapour sufficient to drive a small steam engine.

Unfortunately, the nature of this new fluid is being kept a secret, but the fact that its powers have been tested by eminent engineers and scientists is enough to show that a great discovery has been made, which may give a new lease of life to the steam engine and save an enormous amount of fuel.

## THE BRIGHT SCHOOL HALL

### And Its Happy Boys and Girls

A Midland correspondent sends us this note of one of the ways in which life is brightened in our dull and smoky towns.

Out of a dingy street in an industrial centre the writer stepped a few nights ago into a school hall where children were entertaining parents.

And a bright entertainment it was. First a comedy by the girls, acted with real ability; then sketches from Dickens by the boys; then folk-dancing, followed by part songs by girls—one of them with the jolly, lilting lines:

They smile so sweetly,  
Trip so neatly,  
Down the meadow and back again.

Then the song of "The Dreamseller," with the invitation to tiny dreamers:

Silver moon or golden star,  
Which will you buy of me?

There was a sadness in listening, for the homes of these little singers are far from any meadows, and for them the stars are veiled on most nights by the smoke of factories. But the girls were happy while they sang, and the whole concert was thoroughly characteristic of the work of those After-Care Committees which are active in many places throughout the country, keeping alive (and often providing for the first time) that joyful companionship and zest for good things which should be a legacy from school-life for everyone.

#### THE MINER'S WAGES

The fear of a coal strike has been put off, at any rate for a year, the miners having accepted, by a majority of 162,000, the new wages agreement drafted at the recent Court of Inquiry, giving them a larger proportion of the profits.



## 1500 CHILDREN WANTING LETTERS WHO WILL WRITE TO FRANCE?

Great Opportunity for C.N.  
Boys and Girls

### THE LETTER EXCHANGE

We think our readers will agree with us that one of the best and one of the most natural ways in which a sympathetic understanding may be promoted between the peoples of the world is that young people who are learning the language of their neighbours should begin to know each other through the medium of friendly correspondence.

Many thousands of British children and young students are learning French, and probably almost as many young students in France are learning English.

On each side a sufficient command of the foreign language has often been reached to enable a friendly letter to be written in that language. What, then, can be better than that such knowledge should be put to the test of practical use in simple, friendly letters?

#### Spirit of Sympathy

An interchange of that kind must be helpful from the educational point of view, bringing to each correspondent some gain in information; but such letters must have a far higher value than that, for they must create a spirit of sympathy which will have a high moral gain in the future, promoting that sense of citizenship of the world on which peace and goodwill depend.

It seems that the value of such correspondence between young scholars has been realised by our French friends more fully than on this side of the Channel. They have established in Paris a Correspondance Scolaire Internationale, with its agency in London.

#### English Correspondents Wanted

Unfortunately, however, the demand from France for British correspondents has not been generously responded to, and the C.N. has been asked to lend a helping hand in bringing together the young folk of both nations. Most gladly do we do so.

The French institution which controls the correspondence informs us that they have about 1000 boys and 500 girls in their primary schools, from 13 to 20 years old, who are asking to be put into touch with English correspondents.

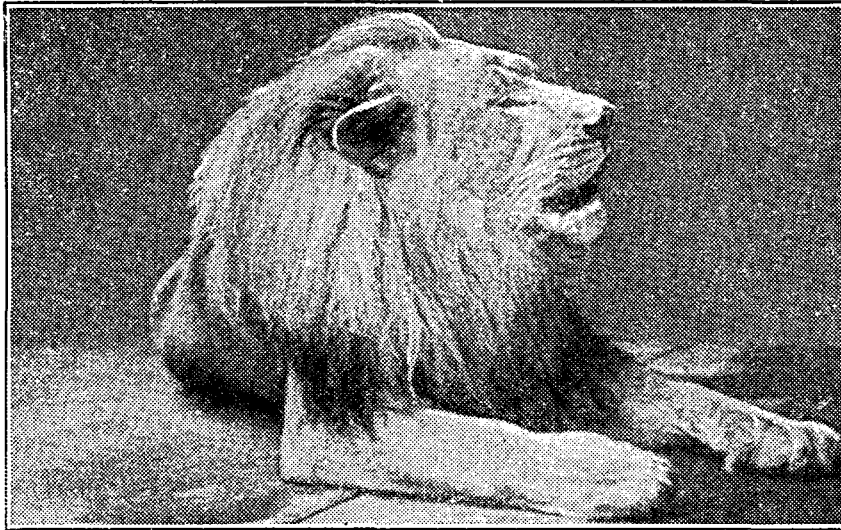
The system is that individuals or schools wishing to be enrolled as correspondents should send their application to Monsieur A. Philibert, Directeur, Officedes Universités et Écoles Françaises, 50, Russell Square, London, W.C. 1.

#### Linking Up Two Nations

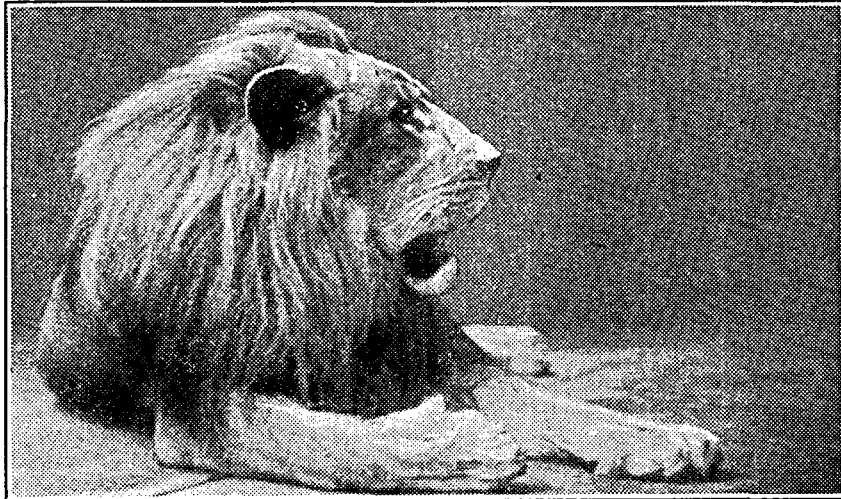
Applicants should state their school, their address, their age, how long they have learned French, and should also mention their favourite study and chief form of recreation—sport or hobby. These facts are needed in order to bring together suitable correspondents. That will be done by the French institution. When that is done the selected French correspondent will write first direct to the English correspondent. Boys correspond with boys and girls with girls; it is not possible to put boys in touch with girls.

This correspondence system is in operation between French scholars and students of French in the British Empire, the United States, Austria, Spain, Italy, Poland, Rumania, and Luxembourg; and the C.N. will be delighted to do what it can to extend it. No applications for addresses should be sent to the C.N. office. M. Philibert transmits applications as he receives them, and the Correspondance Scolaire Internationale institution manages the rest.

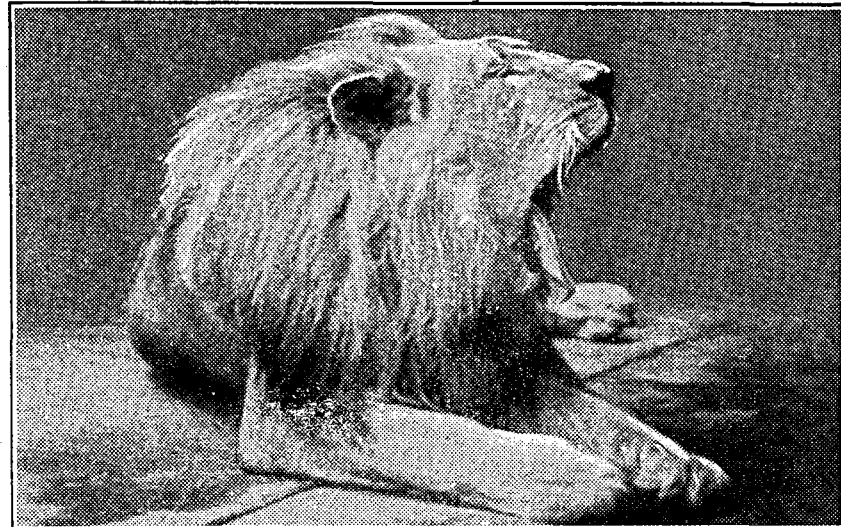
## THE LION YAWNS



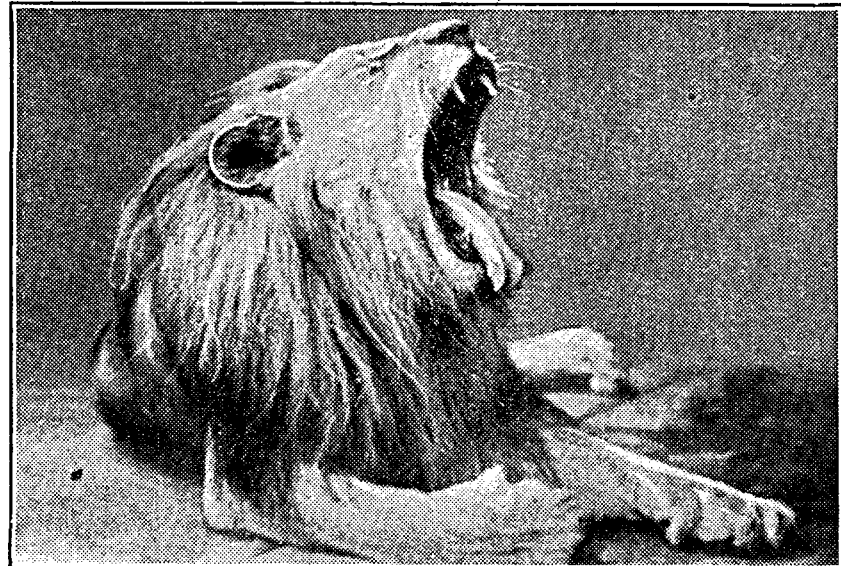
He looks at his visitors



He feels no interest



He begins to yawn



He finds this a great relief

This lion finds life in a zoo rather boring, and takes so little interest in his visitors that he yawns before them. Perhaps the coming of the warmer weather has had something to do with his listlessness

## CAPE TO CAIRO AT LAST

### BRIDGE THAT MAKES THE ROUTE COMPLETE

One of the Greatest Continuous  
Journeys in the World

#### AFRICA TO CHINA

A bridge has just been completed over a tributary of the Congo which makes it possible to travel continuously by train, steamer, or motor-car, from the Cape to Cairo.

We were talking the other day about the great railway developments in all parts of Africa. This latest achievement, which the bridge completes, is a motor road joining up the Congo and the Nile.

So the great dream of Cecil Rhodes is in a way fulfilled. He dreamed of a Cape to Cairo route, but it was to be a railway all the way. You can get into the train at Cape Town and travel in it north for days and days through Kimberley and Mafeking and Bulawayo, and on over the border into the Belgian Congo, till you strike the navigable waters of the Congo. There you may change to a steamer and sail still northward down the Congo, with an interval of railway again when the river is impracticable.

#### Sailing Down the Nile

On by steamer again, ever north, till the river turns westward. There you find a convenient tributary up which you sail north-eastward till you come to Buta, where begins the new motor road. Then on, on, by car north-eastward again till you strike the Nile at Rejaf, near Lado. Northward again you sail down the Nile (here called the Bahr el Jebel), on past Fashoda, on, till you reach Khartoum. At Khartoum you take train to Wady Halfa, whence a boat takes you to Cairo and the coast.

If by then you are not too tired of railways you may go by train round the end of the Mediterranean, and after only twenty minutes of salt water in crossing to Constantinople, you can train again without a break through Russia and continue across Asia to Peking or Vladivostok.

Or, if you prefer Europe, you may go northward through Belgrade, Vienna, and Berlin, across the Danish islands into Sweden (boats carry your train bodily across three straits), on through Stockholm, and, ever northward, to Narvik on the Norwegian coast.

And by that time you will have seen quite a big piece of the world you live in.

## THINKING OF OTHERS

### Livingstone and His Driver

A reader in the Cape Province tells us that he has in his possession a certificate of service and character given by Dr. Livingstone to a native driver over 82 years ago.

In the days of Livingstone and Moffat, missionaries landed at Algoa Bay, drove to Betheldorp, nine miles inland, and there loaded up their wagons, and engaged leaders and drivers for the journey far inland. That is how Livingstone entered the country.

When he reached Kuruman, in Bechuanaland, the doctor, with the consideration which won goodwill for him wherever he went, gave his driver this certificate:

I do hereby certify that Klass Witbooy conducted my wagon from Algoa Bay to Kuruman; that he is a careful and efficient driver; that he has been uniformly attentive to all his duties; and that while in my service his conduct has been such as makes me feel no hesitation in recommending him as a most industrious servant to anyone who may require his services.

David Livingstone

Does not this note throw a light on the thoughtfulness and care of the great missionary explorer? He could not let the companion of a month's journey go without a little tribute.

Our correspondent calls attention to the fact that in 1841 Livingstone was spelling his name without the final "e."



## HISTORY MADE EASY

### KINEMA BRINGING THE PAST TO LIFE

Pageant of the Centuries  
Acted on the Screen

### FRENCH AND GERMAN FILMS

A series of wonderful films, tracing the history of the country for the last five hundred years, is being produced in France. Artists, historians, and novelists have joined together with cinema directors to help in making the scenarios and in taking the pictures, so that every part of the story shall be as true as they can make it.

It is possible, in these eighteen films, to picture only the outstanding events, but these will serve to guide those who may some day like to follow the road of national development more closely.

### A Curious Sight

To find, in the twentieth century, scenes in which to re-live the life of the fifteenth is not easy, but away in the south is an old, old town, that has stood, with its towers and battlements, unchanged for all those years. It has a name like music, Carcassonne, and it dreams still of the old heroic days when knightly deeds were done.

Now, for a brief period, it has watched with wonder its ancient ramparts being vigorously attacked by regiments of soldiers clad in curious old armour, in bright-coloured jerkins, bearing shields and brandishing shining swords. Its peace is disturbed by the trampling of horses' hoofs, by the war-cries of these strange men, and by their exulting shouts as they endeavour to scale the great walls with their ladders.

But the defences are strong. Another Jeanne encouraged the citizens in those old days, and the invaders were driven back; blazing bonfires lighted up the dark night to celebrate the joyful victory and to tell the news far and wide.

### Legends of the Minstrels

If you seek in history books for records of this stirring fight, you must look, not for the name of Carcassonne, but for that of Beauvais, the town which Jeanne Hachette defended against Charles the Bold of Burgundy in 1472. Beauvais, however, has replaced its old walls by boulevards, and its towers by modern dwellings, and so Carcassonne is being used as a setting for the old-time siege.

Another series of magnificent films is being produced in Germany to illustrate the legends which minstrels and poets have handed down through the centuries and which have a permanent place in the hearts of the people. Men and women are pictured on a bigger scale than those who today hurry along city streets or sit cramped in tiny offices. Their forms are large and commanding, their movements dignified, and their speech is noble. Only when small and mean actions are to be done is a small and mean creature employed to do them.

### Centuries-Old Story

The legend of the Nibelungs is one that cannot be confined to a little space. The film lately shown in London gives only part of it, but the scenery employed, of wide spaces and vast depths, gives the sense of bigness.

We owe an immense debt of gratitude to Wagner for making this great and centuries-old story known and loved by many outside Germany, its home. He brings the mountains and the wide-flowing river, the thunder and the dawn, into his drama and matches it with music of incomparable grandeur.

Now the cinema begins to make it still more widely known, and by such films as these, which France and Germany are producing, will history, with its backgrounds, become a thing of interest and pleasure instead of the very dry stuff we are sometimes tempted to think it.

## NEGRO SCHOLAR

### AMERICA'S DELEGATE TO LIBERIA

President's Recognition of the Black Race

### A LANDMARK IN HISTORY

The little Negro Republic of Liberia, in West Africa, has just re-elected Charles D. B. King as its President. According to custom other countries sent special envoys to the inaugural ceremony, and the United States of America was among the number.

President Coolidge did a very generous thing. He sent a Negro, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, as the special representative of the United States. It was the first time in history that a white State chose a black man to represent it on such an occasion. But President Coolidge remembered three things: that Liberia is a black Republic, founded by ex-Negro slaves; that there are more than ten million Negroes in the United States, themselves the descendants of slaves carried off from West Africa; and that the American Civil War won for the Negroes in America full rights of citizenship.

It was a daring choice, and it made white people who believe in the bad old policy of keeping the Negro down angry; but it greatly delighted the Negroes of the Southern States, who are some of the most loyal and hard-working citizens in America, and it gave great pleasure to the natives of Liberia.

### A Born Leader

Dr. Du Bois would be a worthy representative of any country; for though he comes of slave descent, he is a refined and educated man, a great orator, and a born leader.

Here is an extract from the speech he made when he was presented to the Liberian President:

Your Excellency,—The President of the United States has done me the great honour of designating me as his personal representative on the occasion of your inauguration. In doing so he has had, I am sure, two things in mind.

First, he wished publicly and unmistakably to express before the world the interest and solicitude which the hundred million inhabitants of the United States of America have for Liberia. Liberia is a child of the United States and a sister Republic. Its progress and success is the progress and success of democracy everywhere and for all men; and the United States would view with sorrow and alarm any misfortune that might happen to this Republic and any obstacle that was placed in her path.

It was a generous gesture on the part of America to appoint this brilliant Negro as her Minister, an act of recognition that will not soon be forgotten by the Negro race.

## ARTHUR MEE'S BOOKS

### Cheap Editions

To bring Arthur Mee's gift books within reach of readers who have only modest purses, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are issuing them in a cheap edition at two shillings a volume. Each book has 160 pages and a splendid collection of photogravure pictures. There are six volumes now ready in what is called Arthur Mee's Library.

Four of the books deal with Little Treasure Island, its story and its glory; they are The Story of the Island, The Glory of the Island, The Adventure of the Island, and Heroes of the Flag. Two other volumes take us abroad, one giving us the Heroes of the World, and the other taking us with Arthur Mee through what he calls The Wonderful Journey.

There is no need to introduce Mr. Mee's work to readers of the C.N., or to tell them of the kind of things that give glow to his heart and his writings. All will be glad to hear of this cheap edition of books which have already become widely known at a much higher cost.

In this attractive form these well-known books should have a new life of usefulness and charm.

## FOE TO CIVILISATION

### THE SECRET TRAFFIC IN DRUGS

What is Being Done to Put an End to It

### VITAL WORK FOR THE LEAGUE

Among all the evils the League of Nations is trying to deal with none is more harmful than the practice of taking poisonous drugs.

By weakening will-power and physical strength it gradually destroys both body and soul. This great evil is increasing everywhere, and if the League is really to be the hope for better things in the world it does well to tackle it.

The question is a world-wide one, and there are many differences of opinion as to how to treat it. Should the quantity of opium produced be what the world needs or thinks it needs, or only what medicine and science need? One can easily see that the amounts would be very different according to the countries concerned.

### Tons of Opium in a Cave

The information collected by the League shows that at present about ten times as much opium is produced as is needed for medicine and science. The remaining nine-tenths is used for the purpose of revenue or profit—profit on a trade in connection with which 5000 British medical men declared that "the habit of smoking, and eating, opium is morally and physically debasing."

Opium, both raw and prepared, is smuggled into Eastern countries whose laws forbid it. In one ship it was found in vast quantities, stowed away between the false and true bottoms of the vessel. Eight tons were discovered in an island cave near Hong Kong.

Drugs are particularly easy to pass because they can be packed in such small compass; one quarter of a square inch will hold enough to destroy hundreds of lives, and such a tiny packet may be hidden in a chocolate box or in some part of a motor-car.

### Smuggling Forbidden Goods

Not long ago large quantities were sent out from Switzerland, packed and labelled as cocoa-powder, and when Canada discovered it she realised that four earlier shipments had probably been of the same character, but had not been detected.

In Europe much vigilance is exercised in the effort to prevent drugs from passing unlawfully from one country to the other. We hear of revenue cutters flitting to and fro on Lake Lugano, which has its shores in two countries; of trawlers in the North Sea carrying something else besides fish; of parcels sent by post and air being opened; of people being stripped for Customs examination; and we know, now, that all hope of ending this peril is centred in the League.

## WORKING A MILE BELOW THE EARTH

### The Deepest Holes in the World

In the search for gold the miners in the famous St. John del Rey mine in Brazil have reached a depth of 6700 feet below the surface, where the heat is so great that at first the men became sluggish and enervated, and many lost their lives through sheer carelessness.

At enormous expense a huge cooling plant was erected, and cold air is now driven down into the mine.

Many special forms of thermometer are being evolved for the measurement of these temperatures deep down in the earth. A depth of 7500 feet, the deepest hole in the world, was reached in West Virginia, where the thermometer registered over 168 degrees Fahrenheit.

Although the heat of the earth at a given depth varies in different parts, the general rule is that for any one place the thermometer rises steadily for each hundred feet down.

## LIFE IN THE AFRICAN FOREST

### PYGMIES GO A-HUNTING

Little People Who Travel in the Trees

### THEIR MISSIONARY FRIEND

There are no pygmies at Wembley, but if you want to know about these little four-foot folk of the African forests the man who can tell you all about them has just arrived in England. This is Archdeacon Albert Lloyd, of Uganda.

It is very difficult to get into touch with the pygmies, he told a C.N. correspondent, for they live deep in the forests and roam about from place to place. They are as much at home in the trees as on the ground, but they do not travel by tree roads like the "banderlog" in the Jungle Tales. They use the trees for spying on the game they are hunting.

### Looking Out for the Wild Animals

The look-outs pass from tree to tree till they see their quarry beneath them, then they blow one of the little horns that every man among them carries—it is practically the only thing they wear—and attracted by their signals the other pygmies on the ground make a big circle round the beast.

Then by shouts and cries and beating the undergrowth they drive the animal to and fro till it is exhausted. Gradually the circle gets less, and when the animal sinks down they approach near enough to shoot one of their arrows into a vulnerable part like the eye. The archdeacon has seen these little men kill even a huge creature like the African elephant in this way. There is not a beast in the forest that they will not tackle.

Archdeacon Lloyd last summer took Bishop Willis of Uganda to see the pygmies. They were led to a settlement after two hours' struggle through the bush from the nearest track. This was on the borders of the Belgian Congo.

### Teaching the Pygmies

When the bishop asked one of the pygmies, through an interpreter, if he could climb a tree, the little man was astonished. "Why, of course I can. Am I not a man?" To show his prowess he immediately went up the straight trunk of a forest tree near by, grasping it with his hands and walking up with his feet pressed flat against the trunk, to the place where the first branches began, eighty feet in the air.

In the middle of one of the villages the archdeacon visited he found a tiny temple. Here were placed offerings of food to appease the forest god. Some of the pygmies have come in to the Mission stations, and have been taught to read; but they soon drift again, and are lost sight of.

Archdeacon Lloyd knows Central Africa as few white men know it. He was the first man to cross the Dark Continent from east to west after Stanley had made this journey. This was in 1898, when he only had two black boys as his companions.

## FALLING HILLSIDE

### Peril of a Rhineland Town

The hillside is tumbling down above Lorch, on the Rhine, and nobody knows the reason why.

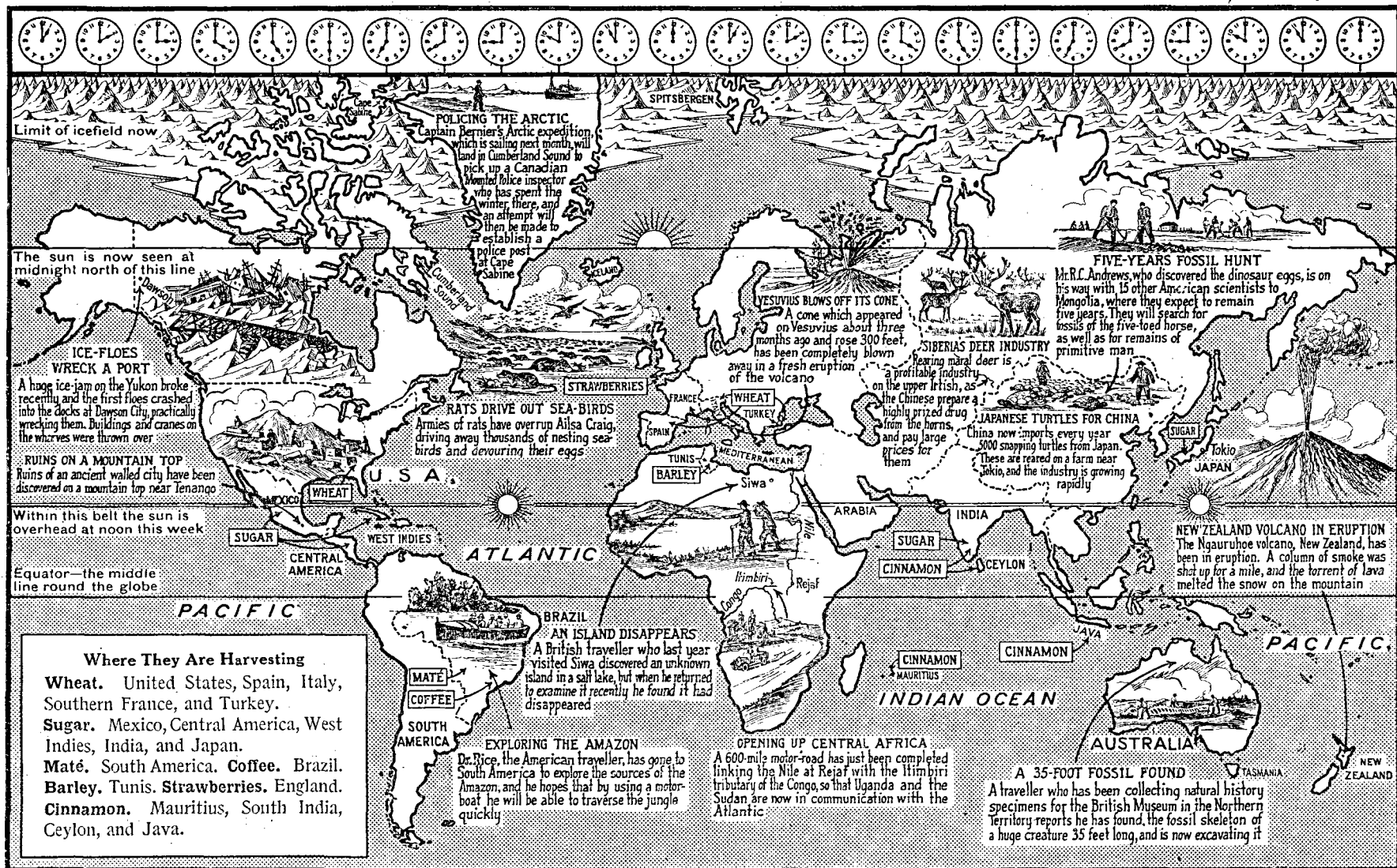
About a year ago masses of quartz and slate began to fall, and now thirty tons of rock have come down, overwhelming a whole row of houses.

The whole town is threatened, for no one knows when the falls will stop. Happily there has been plenty of warning and no lives have been lost so far.

Lorch belongs to what is known as the Rheingau, where vines have been grown for wine-making since long before the time of Charlemagne. The vines grow on terraces, rising steeply almost from the water's edge to a height of some hundreds of feet.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE LAW SAYS A WORD FOR THE CRIMINAL A Burglar Wins a Point

A great injustice to criminals trying to redeem their character has been ended by a decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal.

A law passed about 15 years ago has hitherto been interpreted as meaning that when a man has once been convicted as a "habitual criminal" he must be specially punished as a habitual criminal on any subsequent occasion when crime is proved against him.

A man was sentenced at the Old Bailey to penal servitude for burglary and forgery, and also to five years' "preventive detention" as a habitual criminal. He appealed against the second of these sentences.

The Court of Criminal Appeal decided by a majority that the second conviction must be reversed. It was not enough, said the Lord Chief Justice, to show that he was once a habitual criminal. He must be proved by evidence to be one still.

## OUR MEN IN INDIA Royal Commission's Suggestion

A Royal Commission headed by Lord Lee has been making inquiry into the falling-off of candidates for the Indian Civil Services.

It has found that the chief cause is the difficulty those now in the services find in meeting the cost of keeping their families at home and themselves in India.

The Commission, which was composed of both Englishmen and Indians, has made unanimous recommendations for readjustments of salary and terms of service which it is hoped will put things on a satisfactory basis.

At the same time it urges that the process of "Indianisation" of the services should continue—that is, that more and more Indians and fewer and fewer Englishmen should be recruited, so bringing self-government nearer.

## A SCHOOL SHIP Why Not?

A favourite idea of ours was mentioned and encouraged at the Wembley Conference on Education the other day.

The speaker was Sir Henry Hadow, Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University, who asked, as the C.N. asked some time ago, why the Government should not start an education ship.

Travelling on such a ship (said Sir Henry Hadow) should be open by way of scholarships to undergraduates in our universities or boys of the sixth form in our Public Schools, whose careers afterwards were going to involve some special knowledge of the Empire, or a part of it.

It should occupy a whole year and opportunity should be afforded of staying long enough in each of the principal Dominions to enable some real knowledge of the conditions of the country to be obtained. There should be definite classes on board, and the voyage should count as a year at school or college. The results should be tested at the end by some kind of thesis or examination.

He believed the experiment was well worth trying, and he thought, with the growing warmth and cordiality towards the Empire and these problems, if the thing was to be done this year would be the time to do it.

## THE LARK SHOPS What Happened in One

A reader who has been interested in our notes on larks in the shops sends us this interesting experience.

A lady of my acquaintance went into a large provision dealer's in London and asked for some fish; but while she was being served she noticed a long string of larks.

To be sure that there was no mistake she asked the shopman what they were. "They are larks," he replied, whereupon the lady said: "Thank you; I do not want any, neither do I want anything else from a shop where larks are sold."

## HOW THE POOR ISLAND GREW RICH The Great British Treasure Hunt

What a tiny island is Britain! Looking at the map of the world, it is as a speck on the globe, and even the fact that we colour it red fails to make it look important.

That such a small place should be the home of nearly fifty million people would seem impossible if we did not know it to be true. If every area of its size in the world had as big a population the world would contain so many thousands of millions of people that it would be unable to find enough food for them. How is it, then, that the British Isles maintain fifty millions?

We can realise how poor the old country was from the fact that even a hundred and fifty years ago the greater number of the babies born in England never grew up, but died in childhood from poverty and disease. Even in what were then well-to-do families only a few children survived the trials of early life.

That is why in the first half of the eighteenth century the population of our country hardly grew at all! It was in a state of terrible poverty, which we today can hardly understand because it is so different from anything we know.

The C.N. monthly for July, now ready on the bookstalls, has an excellent article discussing how the poverty-stricken Britain of years ago became the comparatively rich country of today. It is a story as romantic as any that history has to show, the story of one of the greatest treasure hunts in history.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Beauvais	Bo-vay
Burckhardt	Boork-hart
Carcassonne	Kar-kah-son
Emir	E-meer
Hachette	Ah-shet
Hussein	Hoo-sin
Mauritius	Maw-rish-e-us
Nibelungs	Ne-be-loongs

## TRAITOR OR PATRIOT? France and an Old Prime Minister

### M. CAILLAUX REJECTS A PARDON

M. Caillaux, a former Prime Minister of France, convicted after the war of having had relations with the enemy, has formally demanded a new trial.

It was announced that the new French Government would ask the Chamber for an amnesty for all political offences in connection with the war, but M. Caillaux has written to M. Herriot declaring that he will refuse to benefit by any such amnesty, and demanding not a pardon but a fresh trial.

During the war M. Caillaux worked for "peace by negotiation," while his countrymen wanted to "fight to a finish," and his views caused German agents to seek him out. His dealings with them created a first-class scandal, but he was expressly exonerated by the French Senate of any "guilty intention," and throughout the trial he passionately asserted his patriotism.

## ON A CORAL ISLAND Look-Out Post for Storms

A ridge of coral rising only 22 feet above high tide has been fitted with a look-out station to warn shipping by wireless of approaching storms.

The tiny island, annexed by the Australian Government for the purpose, lies in the Coral Sea, west of the Great Barrier Reef, off Queensland.

Great storms brew between New Guinea and the Solomon Islands, and the new station is to warn the host of ships passing between the Barrier Reef and the mainland of their approach.

The loneliness and monotony of life on Willis Island will be relieved only by the gambols of the sharks teeming round the beach, and the news and other items broadcast from Rabaul, the capital of what used to be New Pomerania.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 14

1924

## The Fiftieth Day

THE Fiftieth Day has come and gone again. Fifty days after Easter came the day of Pentecost, the festival on which, long, long ago, something happened to a group of men and women in Jerusalem, so that now, every year, when Easter is seven weeks past, and the Earth is filled with the scents and flowers of June, we remember the Fiftieth Day.

For what happened that day was the coming of a new Power upon a little band of people gathered in a little room. Whenever a great man discovers a new source of power he is beginning a new chapter in the story of man. It is not that he invents a power; he discovers it, and sets it free, and everything is changed.

When the power of steam was found, a new chapter in the history of nations began. The world began to be a neighbourhood. Still nearer to each other did we come when the electric current was made our servant.

But what was this Power which we remember on the Fiftieth Day? It is not a power like steam or electricity; it is within the heart and will of human beings. There is in all of us an inner power-room, in which live and move our thoughts, memories, hopes, and dreams. We do certain things because of what is in that power-house. What happened on the Fiftieth Day was the coming of power into that inner room.

Now, supposing there came a day in which men who had been timid became bold, men who had been silent could speak in such a way as to move the hearts of others, men who were tempted to think of self began to love others, men who were easily tired became able to stand the pace, that would be a great day.

That was not everything that happened fifty days after the first Easter, but that certainly did happen, and has happened often since. Wise men tell us that this is the very gift we need most of all. We are weak, not so much in our handling of things, but in what we are.

If we were to be asked what man needs most, the discovery of a new power out of the material earth or the supply of a new strength within the hidden power-house of his mind and heart, which should we say?

As more and more powers over Nature are entrusted to us, we need to be better and truer men to use them. So, when we think of the Fiftieth Day, and of what happened then, it seems exactly what we want most. Somehow we seem to be not big enough or wise enough to be trusted with the powers we have already. That is why we need the gift of Power and Love and Truth of which this Fiftieth Day has spoken to us once again.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## The Golf Ball of Kilauea

A GOLF-COURSE is being made in Hawaii which is said to be the most remarkable in the world. It owes this distinction to the fact that one of the hazards is the famous volcano of Kilauea.

In view of the news we published last week about Kilauea we humbly suggest to the committee that the rule which allows a player five minutes in which to look for a lost ball should be extended during those months in the year when the volcano is in eruption.

## Tom and John

By Peter Puck

Young Tom leaps up when a bugle blows,

Off like a shot to the street he goes;  
But John bides still till the noise is gone,  
A thrush's note is the call for John.

## Common Things

A LECTURER remarked the other day that stars are common things.

What he meant was that common things are the most marvellous. Daylight and darkness, Sun, Moon, and stars, flowers, grass, and trees—you can see them everywhere for nothing; they are so much commoner than the pictures of them that are too dear for many to buy. Pebbles of the beach would be as valuable as diamonds if they were as hard to get.

We should never under-value what is common. We could do without most rare things, but the common things the world can never spare.

## The Struggle and the Prize

A C.N. reader sends us this interesting little note about a butterfly.

I WAS told the other day of a young naturalist to whom was given a cocoon of a gorgeous tropical butterfly. He waited for it to hatch, and when the newly awakened creature began to try to break its way through the husk the boy, seeing that the task was not easy, took a pair of scissors, slit the case, and set the prisoner free.

But what was his disappointment to find, instead of the beautiful butterfly he had expected, a very drab and dirty-looking creature! Asking what had happened, he was told that he should not have meddled with the cocoon, for it was in the very struggling of the butterfly to get out of its cramping environment that the colours were produced on its wings.

May not we humans also mar our fashioning by chafing impatiently under our limitations?

## Mrs. Neptune Knows

The bathing season has begun.

There's a new fish in the ocean,  
And a pretty fish at that,  
Dear old Triton says it's something  
Like a mermaid and a sprat;  
You can see it all round England,  
You can hear it miles away,  
For it shouts and sings and splashes  
While it's dancing in the spray.

## Overheard at the Oval

LITTLE ANN: Auntie, did you hear that gentleman say the umpire had taken the bails off? What do cricketers have bails for?

Auntie: S-sh! I don't know, my dear, but I expect they find them useful when the wickets are under water.

## Tip-Cat

A CITY clerk says his ideal holiday is not a loaf by the sea. He likes something better than bread and water.

MR. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS hopes his new ray will kill war. Hoo-ray!

THE gentleman who imagines that the people of London make no use of their river is evidently not in the swim.

PESSIMISTS usually live to a ripe old age. And even then they are sour.

MOST nations have more history than they require. But nobody wants the parts they would be glad to give away.

A CURIOUS correspondent asks why girls rarely put the day of the month on their letters. Probably because they are out of date.

A CUCKOO has been heard in the heart of London. In Cheep-side, no doubt.

DIRT, we are told, is dangerous. That is why cowards never have any grit.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes some benefactor would teach us how to build

houses of paper. Nice porches could be made with newspaper columns.

THE House of Commons is a most difficult place to speak in. But nearly all the members try.

A LITERARY correspondent asks: How can I qualify to write an article on coal? We suggest he buys a piece of chalk.

A DENTIST has been rebuked for joking about his patients. His proper business is to look down in the mouth.

## The Test

IT is true that, as somebody remarked the other day, it is the little things that break us.

Most of us can pull ourselves together and be equal to a great crisis; how many of us are strong enough to bear the petty irritations of every day? The man who will risk his life in a flooded mine to save a comrade is out of temper for the day if he loses his umbrella. Big troubles can brace a little man and make him big enough to cope with them; it is the little troubles that are the test.

## Greatness

AT Mary Tudor's court there dwelt  
The daughter of a puissant earl:  
Her necklace seemed Orion's belt,  
Her farthingale was sewn with pearl.

SHE owned broad leagues of field  
and fen,  
With farms and manors, flocks  
and herds;  
With mills and crofts, and maids  
and men,  
With woods and deer, and buds  
and birds.

O, WHAT a name of power was hers!

And now—we do not know her name;  
But who forget brave Latimer's,  
With Ridley singing in the flame?

WORLD'S greatness is no more  
than cloth—

Fine robes last year, but rags  
today;  
And Time is like a hungry moth  
To whom such things are easy prey.

BUT you, Heart's Greatness, are  
of stone,  
A fair cathedral on a plain,  
A traveller's guide. On you alone  
Time grides his ravening teeth  
in vain. J. B.

## Parlez-Vous Français?

By Our Country Girl

HERE is a true story. I do not know from which point of view to admire it most—as a test for your French, or as an instance of feminine courage, or as an example of nimble-witted punning.

There will be some C.N. readers who as yet know nothing of French literature except the fables of La-fontaine. One day they will meet with his friend Racine, the poet who wrote tragic plays. Ponder a moment on his name, and on the fact that in French it means *root*, and then leave the periwigged, lace-ruffled court for a modern dentist's room.

In the dreaded chair sits a daughter of France with a swollen white face and eyes which are bright with unshed tears. She is frightened, but resolute; she will endure anything to get rid of that abominable tooth. Courage! One wrench, and all will be over.

There is a horrid snap. The dentist stands gazing at half a tooth mocking him in the forceps. The wicked root is still fast fixed in the patient's jaw. He is overcome by the horror of the situation, and exclaims: *Quelle tragédie!*

A wan smile passes over the sufferer's aching face, as she replies: *Oui, Monsieur; une Tragédie de Racine!*

## A Word

A word is dead  
When it is said,  
Some say.

I say it just  
Begins to live

That day. EMILY DICKINSON



## JAPANESE SHUT OUT OF AMERICA

### A CRISIS WITH AN UNHAPPY ENDING

#### Undoing the Good Work of the Washington Conference

#### PRESIDENT'S PROTEST

A crisis that has long existed in the United States, arising from California's resentment of Japanese influence in that State, has brought about a difficult situation for America as a whole.

Both Congress and the House of Representatives have now decided that henceforth no Japanese are to be allowed to enter America as immigrants. All other Asiatics have been excluded for some time, but an exception has been made in favour of Japan. Now that exception is ended.

This has inflicted a deep wound on the pride of Japan, and it is to be feared that it will cause a serious setback to the growing friendliness of the two countries.

#### The Gentlemen's Agreement

President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes, his Foreign Minister, tried hard to prevent the new law from being passed, but they have been beaten.

The President considered that there was no need for such a law, as Japanese immigration had already practically ceased by a mutual arrangement between the two Governments known as the Gentlemen's Agreement. The Japanese Government was willing to stop it altogether if allowed to do so voluntarily, but it objected to the stigma of exclusion by Act of Congress.

But there are elections coming on in the United States, and as the States on the Pacific slope are strongly anti-Japanese the politicians had not the courage to resist the new agitation.

#### A Protest by Japan

What gave them their excuse was a protest against the Immigration Bill which the Japanese Ambassador lodged with Secretary Hughes, and which Mr. Hughes sent on to the Senate without comment. This was denounced as an unwarrantable interference, backed by threats, in American affairs! In vain the poor Ambassador and his Government protested that no right of dictation was claimed and no threat intended.

When the President found that there was no hope of getting the clause struck out he asked that its coming into operation might be postponed from June this year to March next year, so that meanwhile Japanese exclusion might be "voluntarily negotiated" with the Japanese Government. Such is Asiatic sensitiveness in these matters that even that opportunity would have been welcomed at Tokio. But even that was refused.

#### The President's Veto

Under the American constitution the President has the right to veto a Bill which he does not approve, but if both Houses pass it again by a two-thirds majority it becomes law in spite of him. At one time it was expected that Mr. Coolidge would veto this Bill, but he decided not to do so, as the Bill contained other provisions which must be passed to prevent chaos at the ports. So he signed under protest.

In his statement he explained, for the benefit of Japan and the world, that the Bill was due to the determination of Congress to define the control of immigration by law instead of by international agreement; and he declared that it implied no change in the American "sentiment of admiration and cordial friendship for the Japanese people, a sentiment which has had and will continue to have abundant manifestation." We must indeed hope so.

## THE WONDERFUL CROSS AN OYSTER MADE

ONE of the most remarkable objects at Wembley is a pearl cross in the Australian Pavilion, valued at £10,000, and known as the Southern Cross.

It appears to be a cluster of nine pearls, but is in reality one pearl, for it is perfectly natural, and was found inside the shell of an oyster in 1874 by a man named Clark, who was pearl-fishing at Roebourne, in Western Australia.

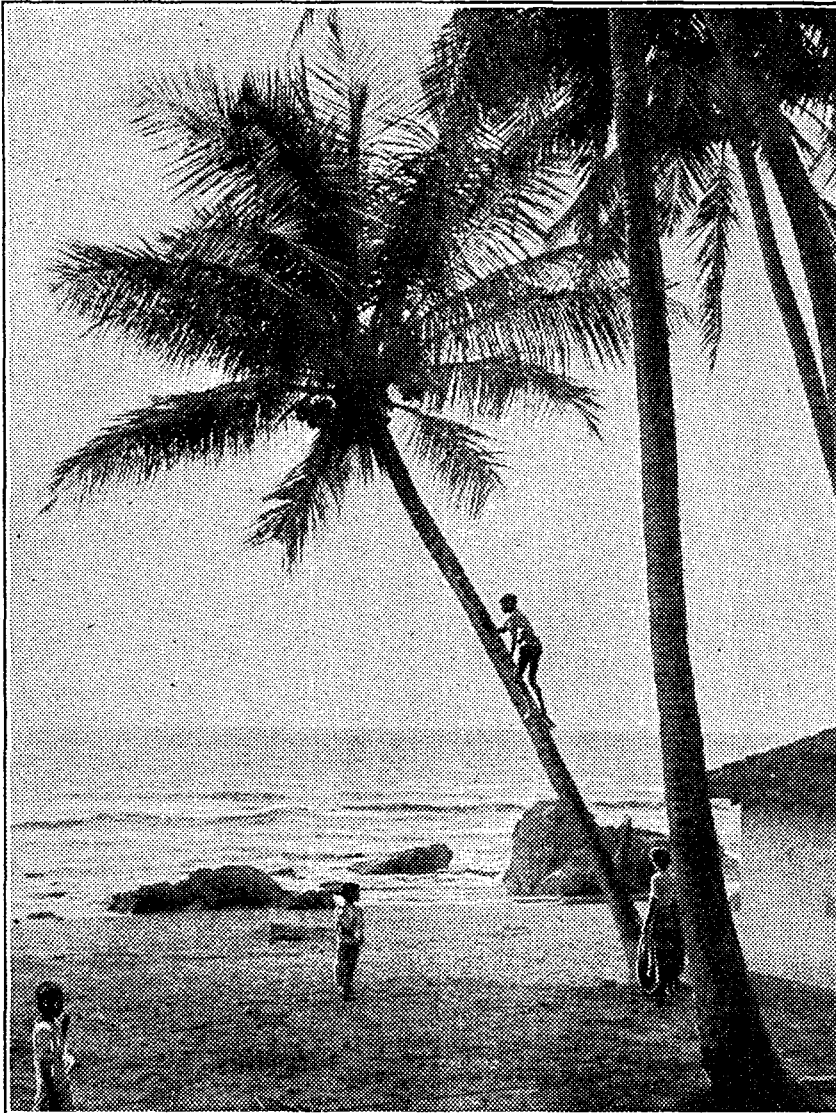
Clark was with the owner of the boat, and both were superstitious, so that when they found this remarkable cross they regarded it as supernatural, and buried it. Five years later an Australian

explorer, Alexander Forrest, heard of the wonderful pearl, and recovered it. It was sold and has since changed hands several times, always at an enhanced price. It is certainly the most remarkable pearl that has ever been found in the shell of an oyster.

The formation of a pearl is due to deposits of nacre round a tiny parasite which irritates the oyster, and in this case there must have been seven parasites, so arranged as to form a Latin cross.

The pearl has been mounted in gold in such a way that back and front can be examined with ease. *Picture on page 12*

## THE COCONUT MAN OF CEYLON



The trade of Ceylon is rapidly developing, and in Colombo the traffic problem has become so acute that the cumbersome native bullock carts have had to be largely restricted in busy thoroughfares. One of the great industries of the island is coconut cultivation; and here we see the coconut man going up a tree to gather the nuts

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Over 30,000 new vehicles were running in the streets of London last year.

The bridge linking Reading and Caversham is to be demolished, and replaced by a new one costing £78,000.

An old lady in Covent Garden has sat in the market nearly every day for fifty years, *shelling peas*.

#### Use Before Reverence

A church dating back 600 years is being pulled down at Linstead Magna, in Suffolk, and its stones are being broken up for road-mending.

#### A Canadian's Big Family

Dying at 106, Pierre Allary, a native of Manitoba, left 14 children, 70 grandchildren, 40 great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren.

#### A Hidden Hoard

Workmen putting in new window frames at a Derbyshire farm have found forty sovereigns of the reign of George the Third hidden in an old box in a hole in the wall.

Kenya loses about £65,000 a year through ivory smuggling by Somalis.

The nightingale broadcasted from the wood at Oxted was heard by a lady at her house near Florence.

A portrait of a Chinese lady of the 12th century by an unknown artist has been added to the British Museum.

#### Where the People Live

It is said that over ninety per cent of London business people now live within ten miles of Charing Cross.

#### A Good Library Idea

The excellent and enterprising Children's Library at Bristol has, at the entrance, a receptacle for paper to protect books in stormy weather.

#### 30,000 Letters for Two M.P.s

Two members of Parliament who proposed and seconded the rejection of a railway Bill declared that the railway company organised a postal campaign which had resulted in their receiving between them over 30,000 letters.

## THE CRICKET SEASON

### NATIONAL GAME ON THE UPGRADE

#### South African Visitors' Strong Batting Team

#### PROSPECTS AND FORECASTS

By Our Athletic Correspondent

The early cricket season of 1924 has shown clearly that there is no abatement, but rather an increase, in the interest felt in the most characteristic of all English games.

For millions of people the renewal of daily cricket scores brightens the newspaper afresh. It is not the mere winning that matters, though national and county feeling makes the desire for victory keen. The game has many points of skill to be watched, and every lover of cricket has his eye on, say, at least a hundred players whom he thinks of with a distinctly personal interest.

#### Steady Improvement

Whatever the grumblers may say, there is a widespread feeling that English cricket is quietly on the upgrade. Batting is more hopeful, after some decline; bowling has improved generally; and much more attention has been paid to fielding. It is now thoroughly understood by the cricket public, that no man ever ought to be played for his county who is not strong in the field.

The special feature of the season is, of course, the visit of the South African team. They began with manifest ill-luck in the weather. South African wickets are so different from English wickets that a visiting team, either here or there, is handicapped; and the present South African visitors met, for a while, weather so patchily wet that they were bound to suffer some defeats.

#### A Hard Test

Besides, they quite early met strong elevens. Lancashire and Notts would have given them a hard test in any case. With weather conditions they were more used to than the Cape men could be, the formidable Northern counties were likely to win, and did win.

But the visitors are a strong batting team, and efficient though not very strong in bowling; but at present they do not show signs of reaching the English test-match standard.

The early play of the counties gave several temptations to make forecasts which would be daring in face of the changeableness of cricket. Lancashire made a very promising start. The sequel will be watched with much interest as the season's play develops.

#### Bowlers and Batsmen

Yorkshire, the present champions, take a deal of beating. Probably they are as strong as ever they were—a finely balanced team, with a confidence equal to their skill. But Lancashire seems decidedly strengthened. They have an additional sound bat in Watson. Parkin opened the season with striking bowling successes, and Macdonald, the Australian fast bowler, will be available for some of their matches. The Tyldesley family has provided a sound and crafty bowler in the bulky Richard. Mr. J. Sharp has proved an efficient captain.

Among the counties in the lower half of the list Leicestershire attracted attention at once by its treatment of Notts. Weather permitting, it undoubtedly would have soundly beaten its powerful neighbour. Leicestershire has always been a winner of spasmodic victories, but now there is a good prospect of a considerable rise in its position as a cricketing county. Its best bowlers, Geary and Astill, are aggressive and sound batsmen, and its fast bowler, Skelding, is probably the fastest in the country. The veteran King remains, after his fiftieth year, a stout support to the team in run-getting and a good example of style.



## AWAKENING OF JAPAN

### BAD TIMES AND THEIR FRUITS

#### The Big Changes that are Bound to Come

#### A WELL-EDUCATED NATION

Japan, like many other countries, has been having a general election, and, as in France and Britain, the new Parliament is Radical, replacing a Conservative House. It is probable that great constitutional changes will follow.

There has been deep discontent for some time in Japan. A severe depression in trade has followed the boom after the war. Indeed, in Japan the boom began during the war. European competition had disappeared and enormous profits were made.

Before the war Japanese goods were cheap because wages were low, but when the boom came wages went up with a rush, and, though they have since been beaten down, the workers have been strong enough to keep them far higher than before the war.

#### Wages and Credit

Japanese manufacturers have therefore lost the advantage which low wages gave them in the world market. But prices remain high, too. Credit is limited both by the banks at home and by traders abroad. In spite of high tariffs, it is cheaper to import copper and timber than to work the native copper mines and the local forests.

So there is much unemployment and discontent, and the Government, by its inactivity, has excited the people's resentment. The small surviving remnant of the famous Elder Statesmen, under whose guidance Japan first emerged as a world Power, still exercises authority inconsistent with Western ideas of democracy. It is this body (now reduced to two or three only, and known as the Genro) which has hitherto appointed the Prime Minister, and ministers have been chosen from a small caste of professional politicians. The Genro's last choice, the now beaten Viscount Kiyoura, was particularly unpopular.

#### On the Verge of Changes

The poll at the recent elections was heavy, greater interest being taken in the contest than ever before. The cry was "Down with privileged-class government!" Opposition parties have come back twice as strong as the supporters of the Government, and among them the Kenseikai, which we should call the Liberals, are the most numerous. Their leader is Viscount Kato. The new Government is pledged to a large extension of the franchise.

It is safe to say that Japan is on the verge of big changes. At present only three million men, out of a population of 60 million people, have the vote, though in Japan a larger proportion of the people are educated than in any other country.

## C.N. PICTURES.

### How They Talk to Chinese Girls

On page 12 is a picture of Chinese girls in the Church Missionary Society's school at Tai-chow, China, looking at C.N. pictures pasted on a board in the school.

The teacher who sends the photograph says that after the paper has been read to the girls the pictures are cut out and pasted up, and they interest not only the girls, but all who visit the school.

Not many Chinese travel outside their own city, so that pictures are of double value, as they show the wonders of civilisation outside China that might otherwise never be known.

Our correspondent, who has worked 15 years in this Chinese school, suggests that anyone who would like to do missionary work can really help by sending the C.N. out to Mission Schools.

## FLYING FASTER AND SAFER

### A NEW DEVICE

#### Forced Landings to Lose Their Terrors

#### AUTOMATIC FLAP GEAR

It has long been the aim of aircraft designers to make aeroplanes with a wide speed range, so that not only could distances be covered in the shortest time, but also that slow and safe landings could be made.

Both the Handley Page slotted wing and the Fairey wing with variable camber had this effect, and now Captain de Havilland has achieved it by inventing what is known as an automatic flap gear. The whole trailing edge of the wings is hinged, and when the aeroplane is resting on the ground the rear part of the wings, or the flap, is held down by strong springs.

When the aeroplane gathers speed the pressure of air on this flap increases the lift of the wing, and at the same time causes the springs to give, so that the flap takes a normal position as part of the wing. It remains like this as long as the aeroplane is flying at a high speed. When flying slowly, the springs overcome the air pressure and pull the flaps down again, thus giving an increased lifting power to the wings, which means that a slower speed is sufficient to keep the machine in the air. Thus, if a forced landing is necessary, the pilot has more time in which to choose a landing place, and owing to his slow speed is able to alight in a smaller field.

The new device has been tested on a DH50 aeroplane, and slow flying was possible at 50 miles an hour as against the lowest speed of 60 miles of the normal DH50 type, and landings were made at 42 miles an hour as against 48 miles an hour normally. It was also noticed that when flying at the low speed the machine was kept on an even keel, and was not flying with its tail down to the discomfort of passengers.

## ANIMAL PEACEMAKERS

### Fowl Separates Fighting Rabbits

An instance of a duck acting as a peacemaker in animal strife has brought us accounts of two similar interferences by other peace-loving creatures, the first from Ilfracombe and the second from Kent.

We once had two pet rabbits in separate hutches. One persistently bit his way out, even through wire netting. At last we allowed him to remain loose. Sometimes the other got out, and then a fierce fight was sure to follow. But if the fowls were about we could always be sure that one of them would go straight to the rabbits and effectually stop them by jumping on them.

Passing through a farmyard field in Kent I saw two cocks having a terrific fight. Suddenly from the farmyard close by rushed a large turkey followed by his wife, both gobbling furiously.

He sprang at the cocks and separated them in a moment. Then, with his wings outspread, he drove the most troublesome one to the end of the field, while the hen turkey kept off the other cock. Some time afterwards, when I returned through the field, they were still keeping the delinquents apart from each other.

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A landscape by R. P. Bonington	£2310
A Chippendale writing table	£1680
A painting by Turner	£1102
Pair of Worcester vases	£777
A Worcester dessert service	£567
Seven Queen Anne chairs	£156
Pair of Louis XIV armchairs	£135
Sheraton satin-wood bookcase	£105
17th-century Highland pistol	£63

## AN EGYPTIAN'S VIEW

### Islam and the World

#### A MOHAMMEDAN AND OUR CIVILISATION

One of our Egyptian readers, who says he respects our ideas and ideals, and reads regularly the Children's Encyclopedia, My Magazine, and the C.N., gives us an interesting view of his religion.

We are glad to give our Egyptian friend an opportunity of revealing his point of view, because an understanding of other people's points of view is the beginning of wisdom.

We Mohammedans (he says) do not trouble ourselves to try to convert Christians into Moslems, because we are sure all the modern world will follow our great Prophet sooner or later. I can see the glittering rays of his sun of faith behind the clouds, and it will disperse them and enliven the world.

I am delighted to think that the doctors and the scientific men of today have found alcohol harmful to the human race. It is a fact declared by Mohammed more than 1300 years ago.

#### Ideas of Justice and Goodness

We have our opinions, and you have yours, but you must not write of us in such a way as to hurt our feelings, especially those of us who hold you in high esteem. All your modern ideas concerning justice, liberty, goodness, kindness to animals, respect for women, beauty of Nature, the greatness of science and art, immortality of the soul, and many other principles, are contained in our Koran.

All the religions which appeared before Islam were antagonistic to the progress of science, and we tremble when we remember the punishments which awaited scientific men in the religious courts of Spain and Italy. Then came Islam, the natural religion, and the first to establish clearly the unity of God. It helped science and befriended philosophers, and so enabled the Arabs to conquer the world and spread their knowledge and art, and it began your Western civilisation.

## THE DANGER OF DUST

### Perils in Industries

#### THE COST OF EARNING A LIVELIHOOD

How danger lies hidden in almost every trade and profession, and something of the splendid ways in which our medical officers of health fight for the welfare of the workers, is told by Dr. C. W. Hope in a new book on the subject of Industrial Hygiene.

Hardly a means of livelihood exists which has not its own special perils. Dust is a particular source of danger. The dust of flour gets into the baker's lungs, the dust of coal worries the miner. The dust of the different kinds of wood used in various trades has quite a large number of baneful effects. The flute-maker suffers from a peculiar kind of headache, the man who makes wooden shuttles for weaving will get asthma and a weak heart.

Even our friend the wireless man has his own peculiar ailment. It is known as telegraphist's spasm, and is caused by the too long continued tapping of messages with the Morse key. The hand becomes uncertain in its work, and makes involuntary movements, so that dashes are sent out into space instead of dots, and the message is unreadable.

The work of the chimney sweep is also most dangerous on account of the dust he must breathe. Next to the sweep comes the furrier, then the tinplate worker, and next the dyer. The paper manufacturer has the best time of all, and the tanner and the farmer come off next best.

## AN OLD ROOM IN NEW ENGLAND

### AS THEY USED TO LIVE IN AMERICA

#### The Homes of Generations Passed Away

#### A LADY'S GOOD IDEA

A lady in Washington, Mrs. Ritter, has just made a most delightful gift to the American nation. She has put together a room exactly like the rooms people lived in about 1760 in the New England States.

Mrs. Ritter intends slowly to build up a house of the true colonial type—not an imitation, but made up of fragments of real old houses. This room is the first instalment, so to speak; and thousands of people will go to the U.S. National Museum at Washington, where it is exhibited, to see what kind of homes their forefathers had.

They will admire the room all the more knowing that it is real, that the lovely panelling and doors and wide old fireplaces came from a real 1750 Massachusetts house, and the furniture from other old New England homes.

#### Beautiful Things Made by Hand

These were the days when men and women actually built up, themselves, the beauty of their homes. There were no huge factories, producing acres of furniture, all alike, and miles of curtains and quilts, all alike, every day. Chairs, tables, and chests were made by hand, carved, beautifully put together. Housewives wove and embroidered their own hangings. They took a pride in the work, and thus those colonial homes had a singular beauty.

In this room which Mrs. Ritter has had rebuilt are some fine treasures of the New England days—chairs of various kinds, a walnut cradle, a flax spinning-wheel, a painted chest for bride-clothes, a very early "Betty lamp" in iron for burning whale oil, fireirons made 240 years ago, and many other attractive relics.

There are few more interesting things for people of today to see than the homes of bygone generations. Here and there they exist. There is Thomas Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, just as the philosopher left it, even to the sound-proof attic which he had built to keep out the noise of the "demon fowls" at dawn. Visitors can go over the house and down to the kitchen fireplace, by which Carlyle and Emerson sat for one whole evening in silence, and then shook hands on "a grand night."

#### A Rare Old English Home

Of an earlier period than that is the famous Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which is really the private house of Sir John Soane, the architect, who lived from 1753 to 1837 and spent his spare time in collecting wonderful treasures of art. He stored these in his own house and desired that nothing should be altered. So we can walk in today and see this old English home just as it was when its inmates dwelt there.

There are others, here and abroad, like the printer's home in Antwerp and the merchant's house in Bergen, kept exactly as they were in bygone centuries. We treasure these places very much, because in a world that changes so there is a great interest in rebuilding the scenes of daily life in the very rooms where men and women worked and talked and laughed, and met misfortune sometimes, and then, one day, death.

#### AMERICA'S GIGANTIC PAY ROLL

On the pay roll of the American Government are 2,700,000 public servants, receiving about £750,000,000 a year, and 670,000 pensioners drawing annually about £65,000,000.



## HANDS OFF HYDE PARK CORNER

### THE QUESTION OF TWO MONUMENTS

Shall Militarism and Sentiment Spoil a Famous Place?

#### SYMPATHY GOING WRONG

We think it is quite time people realised that Hyde Park Corner must be left alone. It is threatened with guns and memorials to canaries. It seems a pity to immortalise the giant howitzer known as Mother—because it can kill so many mothers' sons, no doubt.

There is nothing to be proud of in having made a monster killing machine. Much better that Mother and all her unholy brood should be taken out to the deep Atlantic and dropped. The tools of war should not be made glorious in art, and we dread to think of a model of a howitzer in Portland stone twenty-five feet long, standing upraised at Hyde Park Corner! Is this what coming generations are expected to admire?

#### Beautiful Memorial Wanted

Let us have a memorial to the brave fifty thousand artillerymen who for honour's sake fell in the war, by all means, but let it be a beautiful and human memorial to honour and sacrifice, and not a monument to a machine.

Another scheme for spoiling Hyde Park Corner is on foot. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals suggests placing a monument there to the horses, dogs, cats, canaries, pigeons, and goldfish that in some way or other suffered death because of the conditions of life imposed by the war. The C.N. loves dumb creatures, but we think it a very great pity that sentimentalism should be finding such an outlet.

#### Drinking Fountain for Horses

We are afraid that to the average man this monument would seem ridiculous. Surely a much nobler use of the £2000 raised for this purpose would be to do something which would help animals in their active life for several generations?

Horses have suffered dreadfully since motor-cars came into general use. Roads are made icy-smooth, and no rough side-track is left for horses; they slip about and fall. The sight of a team starting up Ludgate Hill, the horses frantically pawing the glossy road in an attempt to get a foothold, is terrible to see.

And horses have to go long distances between one road trough and another. Why could not the £2000 be spent on a beautifully designed drinking fountain for horses at Covent Garden?

#### A Stately Open Space

A second mistake in these proposed memorials is their site. Why Hyde Park Corner? It is one of the most stately of all the open spaces in London, with the Quadriga looking down on the beautiful columns of the gate; with Wellington on his horse flanked by the tossing trees of his island; with the park to remind us that we may wander and be happy; with the hospital to remind us to spare a penny and a prayer for those who suffer; with that everlasting throng of people eternally passing by.

It is only because this, the fairway of our great sea of traffic, is so generous and wide, that we are often unaware of the enormous burden it bears. Over 50,000 vehicles pass Hyde Park Corner during every twelve hours of daylight. A huge howitzer memorial will certainly make it much more noisy because of the waves of sound striking and echoing on the stone mass, but the proposed memorial to animals will, we feel, rob it of its dignity. We hope it will not be.

## WIRELESS GUIDE AT SEA

How Lost U-Boats Found Themselves

#### A STORY OF THE WAR

Splendid progress of direction-finding by wireless in navigating both sea and air was described the other day by Dr. J. Robinson, the head of the Wireless Department of the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough.

Many more wireless stations are likely to be erected round the coast, from the signals of which ships and aeroplanes will be able to get their bearings, and there will be fewer cases of ships being "lost without trace."

An interesting story was told by Dr. Robinson of how the German submarines made use of our own direction-finding stations during the war. The enemy submarines were fitted with wireless to communicate with their bases, and whenever they sent a wireless message our stations immediately discovered their position and flashed it to the fleets. It often happened that a submarine did not know quite where it was, and to find out the Germans sent any sort of message, and waited. Our direction-finding stations heard the message, discovered its position, and immediately sent it out, so that the submarine, listening-in, knew where it was, took its bearings, and ran away.

#### TWO IDEAS

##### Trying to Overcome Friction

Two little ideas of interest in the transport world come from America.

One is of a company which is fitting motor-cars with front wheels that tilt over in the direction in which the car is turning. This not only saves wear on the tyres, but also permits of much sharper turns being made.

The other idea is on the railway. When a large locomotive is moving round a curve we are all aware that tremendous friction ensues as the wheel flanges are forced against the rails.

An arrangement to eliminate this, to some extent, has been devised. When the engine-driver is rounding a curve, he pulls a lever which causes oil to be squirted on the flanges from little pipes, and this is said to relieve the friction.

## BLACKPOOL'S HISTORIAN

### Story of a Seaside Town

Every seaside place of any importance should tempt those who visit it to read all that is interesting in its past, its present, and its surroundings, and the more pictures are included the better the book will be. A good journalist, who knows the North of England well, Mr. Allen Clarke, has rendered a fine service to Blackpool by writing its story.

This book of 316 pages, with 47 illustrations (published by the Palatine Book Company, Blackpool), tells us everything that can be said about the land of Blackpool before there was any Blackpool at all, everything that is known about the places within walking distance all round it, and everything that has happened in Blackpool on its way up from less than a dozen houses on the cliff to a pleasure resort with 100,000 people in it when the Lancashire "wakes" are being held there.

Mr. Clarke makes his book a capital history of the whole district from the time of the Cave Men onward. He tells us that Blackpool did not get on the map at all till 1751. He gets it into his book with a fair start on its own account on page 127. After that it goes ahead apace, but it did not get an asphalted promenade till 1860. No one has ever written a fuller account of the progress and present state of a watering place than this book gives of Blackpool, or given us more incidental informative comment by the way on all matters of general and local historical interest.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

**What is the Area of the British Empire?**  
Whitaker states the area of the British Empire as 14,220,000 square miles.

**How is the Severn Tunnel Ventilated?**  
By a huge fan, 40 feet in diameter, which extracts the foul air through a shaft, with its outlet at Sudbrook.

**Is it Dangerous to Look at the Sun Through Field or Opera Glasses?**  
Certainly it is, as we have warned readers repeatedly in our astronomical column.

**What is the Origin of the Expression Fleur-de-Lis?**  
Fleur-de-lis is French for Flower of the Lily, the old French name for the iris, which was the French royal symbol.

**What is the Butter Bean?**  
The butter, or Lima, bean is a bean of American origin belonging to the genus Phaseolus. Large quantities are grown in America for home use and export.

**On What Day in 1328 Did England Recognise Scotland's Independence?**  
On March 1, 1328, a Parliament met at York at which Scotland was recognised as an independent kingdom, and Robert Bruce acknowledged as king.

**What is Petroleum?**  
A thick mineral oil obtained from the Earth, but about its origin there is great difference of opinion. Animal, vegetable, and mineral origins have all been attributed to it by different scientists.

**Why did Edward III Place the French Arms Before the English on H's Shield?**  
Because he regarded France as the more important kingdom, and so gave the fleur-de-lis the place of honour in the first and fourth quarters of the shield.

**Were Dickens's Books Very Popular in His Lifetime?**

Yes; the writer's father has seen queues of people waiting outside the newsagents' at seven in the morning for the new instalment of Pickwick Papers, which was published in weekly parts.

**Why Does an Earthenware Vessel Containing Ice Cream Feel Damp?**  
The cold of the ice cream is imparted to the vessel, and this causes the water vapour of the air which is in contact with the vessel to condense into tiny drops of water, which form on the outside of the vessel.

**What Causes a Cloud Burst?**  
In tornadoes or thunderstorms strong ascending currents of air sometimes carry up and sustain the rain and hail until a large quantity has accumulated aloft, and sooner or later this falls as a mass of water, which is what we call a cloudburst.

**What is the Legend of the Scarlet Pimpernel?**

It is said to have been growing on Mount Calvary at the time of the Crucifixion, and to have obtained its colour from the blood of Jesus. On this account it was, in the old superstitious days, supposed to be a remedy against spells.

**What is the Percentage of Silver in British Coins Today?**

Silver for British coinage at present consists of one-half silver and one-half alloy. By law a shilling weighs one 66th of 12 ounces troy, and 12 ounces of pure silver would be used in coining 132 shillings; formerly it would have made only 72 shillings.

**What are the Ruins of Baalbek?**  
Baalbek, or the City of Baal, was an ancient Syrian city 35 miles north-west of Damascus. It commanded an important Phoenician trade route and became a centre of Baal worship. The present ruins, however, do not date back farther than Roman times, when the city was called Heliopolis, or Sun City.

**Can a Bee Sting Twice?**

Yes; but generally when a person is stung he removes the bee violently, and the barbed sting remains in the flesh, and the bee leaves with it the poison sac, glands, and lower part of the abdomen. If, however, the insect is allowed time it will gradually draw out the sting, which will be available for its future use.

**Why Do Two Objects of Different Weights Drop to the Ground Together?**

In a vacuum all bodies light and heavy, small and great, would fall with equal rapidity, because any body falls to the ground owing to the Earth's attraction on each of its molecules. In the air, however, all objects do not fall at the same speed, because light objects, occupying more space, present a greater surface than heavy ones, and are borne up to some extent by the air.

## THE COMING OF MARS

BRIGHTEST OBJECT IN THE NIGHT SKY

Nearest Approach to the Earth for a Hundred Years

#### PROBLEM OF THE CANALS

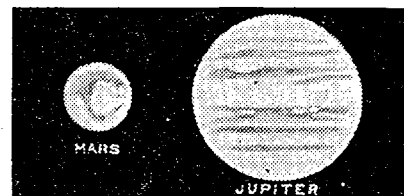
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The Moon will be the object most in evidence during the twilight nights of the coming week.

Her path will be of special interest, as she will successively pass above the three superior planets, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, Saturn being this (Saturday) evening to the right of the Moon.

On Monday evening Jupiter will be to the right of our satellite; while on the following Saturday night, June 21, the Moon will be a little to the left of Mars. But, as he does not rise till about 12.30, there is little chance of seeing this rosy planet till 1 a.m.

Of course, the Moon's radiance will greatly dim the lustre of these far-off worlds, therefore this will not be the



Relative apparent sizes and general appearance of Mars and Jupiter at the present time

best time to note their planetary glories; but their positions may be noted for study on subsequent evenings.

Mars will soon be the brightest object in the night sky, rising about midnight at the beginning of July and a little before 10.30 at the end. This little world will then outshine Jupiter, while lovely Venus will have vanished before the coming of the bellicose Mars. Mars is very rapidly approaching our world; being at present some 60 million miles away, while by July 31 only 42 million miles will separate us. Three weeks later, on August 22, Mars will be only 34,600,000 miles away. He will then be the most radiant planet in the night sky and of supreme interest.

It is over a hundred years since Mars came so close to the Earth, and none of us will ever see him as near again, so astronomers hope to make good use of the opportunity to learn more about him.

#### The Changes on Mars

So far, the presence of water, air, and snow is beyond question, while the evidence of vegetation is pretty conclusive, for large areas adjoining the water areas can be seen to become apparently verdant as the Martian summer approaches, later assuming a brownish tinge as the autumn of Mars arrives. Such is the evidence of many expert observers when viewing the planet under exceptionally good conditions.

But the greater part of Mars is of the reddish tinge which gives the planet the rosy hue when seen by the naked eye. These regions occupy most of the tropical zone of the planet, and there is very little doubt that they represent not the red vegetation of a story writer's imagination, but the sand and rock of vast desert regions, a sort of gigantic Sahara girdling the globe of Mars.

It is a remarkable fact that nearly all of the so-called canals stretch across the deserts from sea to sea, or to oases or lakes situated amid them, thus favouring the almost irresistible conclusion that these "canals" are really strips of artificially irrigated land, arranged thus by intelligent beings. For they invariably take the shortest cut to the source of the irrigation, that is, a straight line, which Nature, left to herself, rarely does.

G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.**—Mars rises between 12 and 1 a.m. Jupiter is in the south-east; Saturn south, and Venus north-west in the evening.



# EAGLE FEATHER

A Tale of White Men  
Among the Red Men

Set down by  
John Halden

## CHAPTER 37 Jake Capitulates

JAKE SIMPSON was furious when he saw David take up a determined attitude before him.

"What!" he roared. "Do you mean to say you think you can lead this caravan through the Wilderness Road to Boonesborough—you, a boy of seventeen! Of all the conceited young upstarts!"

"It's easy enough to find our way along the Wilderness Road that Daniel Boone marked out for us," answered David steadily, "but what is a matter of life and death to every member of this caravan is our attitude toward the Indians. My father's wise counsels have kept us from murderous attack so far, but if we follow Jake's advice we'll all be massacred within a month."

David appealed to the other men.

"All I wish to do is to see my father's policy carried out. You'll admit that it has been wise so far, and surely, surely you can see that Jake will lead us all to destruction!"

"Be careful, there, Dave," spoke up one of the men. "Jake means to do what he sees is best for all of us."

"Admitting that," answered David, "you'll admit also that Jake's mind is biased by his own sorrow, and that he is inclined to be quick-tempered. If I have ever been sure of anything, I'm sure that the Indians mean to keep their word so long as we don't attack them first."

His earnestness half convinced the men.

"You know, Jake," said Anderson, with a judicial air, "Dave knows more about the Shawnees than you do, having been to their camp."

"I know this much about them: Indians are skunks and polecats, and this country will be more fit to live in after we've killed them all off!" shouted Jake.

David might have retorted that the Indians surely had the first right to their own country, but he refrained. Jake's violence was having its own effect on the men.

"I think it's just as well we should have a cooler head than Jake's to lead us," remarked Anderson. "What do you mean to do if we let you take your father's place till he is better?"

"I mean to pledge every man in this company not to shoot first at an Indian on pain of being sent back in disgrace," answered David, with emphasis.

"Whew! That means he'd likely be killed on the way by wandering bands of braves," said someone.

"We've got to have a drastic remedy against the hot-heads in this caravan," persisted David. "For the rest, I should leave all important decisions to a council of you men."

"That sounds all right," said Anderson, while the others nodded their approval. "Jake here was beginning to fancy himself a bit too much, anyway, giving orders right and left. And your idea of treating the Indians careful, at least till we get inside a fort where we can defend ourselves, seems the best way to do, now that I think it over."

David drew a deep breath of relief. It had been easier than he had feared. He had thought that the only way to reduce Jake to submission would be to fight him, a thing he hated to do.

Jake, after one or two ineffectual attempts to convince the men that they had made a mistake, turned sullenly away, and David was just starting to see how his father was when he heard a rush behind him.

He turned quickly, and caught Sam Simpson in the nick of time to send him sprawling on the ground.

"I've got a score or two to settle with you," blubbered Sam from the ground, not daring to attempt to rise, for David stood over him. He had meant to attack David from behind, and thus get the advantage in a fight.

"Settle your scores in Boonesborough," answered David contemptuously. "I've no time to bother with you now. But if I catch you making any more such cowardly attacks I'll truss you up like a chicken, and have you carried through the wilderness on the back of an ox, like a sack of meal."

David found his mother at the fire, brewing herbs for the invalid.

"He's pretty bad," she replied anxiously to her son's question, "but I think this will bring down the fever."

"Dare we move him?" asked David, noting the preparations for the departure that were proceeding all about him.

"We'll have to, Davie," said his mother. "Winter is coming on, and a broken hip takes a long time to heal. We must get him into the shelter of Boonesborough as soon as possible."

David nodded, and indicated two long saplings that had been brought in to be cut up for fuel. "Nancy can sew a deerskin between these and make a litter," he said; "then, with a deep mattress of moss on it, warmly covered with blankets, we ought to carry him to Boonesborough without too great discomfort."

"The long way through the wilderness will be hard enough for you without having to carry a man as well," said Mrs. Halifax sadly.

"I am strong, Mother," said David, "and the other men will relieve me. I shall only carry the two lower ends of the stretcher. The front ends we'll bind to the sides of a pack horse."

With much shouting and bustle, the preparations for the march were continued.

"What'll I do with my great-grandmother's oak dresser?" shrilled a woman's voice.

"Chop it up for kindling wood!" growled Jake Simpson, who was still in a bad temper.

He was struggling to tie a heap of household utensils to the back of a restive horse. The animal jerked and pulled, and the cherished brass and pewter and iron went clattering to the ground. Jake struck the horse violently.

"Keep still, can't ye?" he expostulated.

"Jake, how can you be so mean!" shrilled Mrs. Anderson. "That dresser is a hundred years old."

"All the better to start fires with!" Jake's temper was growing worse every minute.

David, who was passing, took Mrs. Anderson's arm and led her to one side.

"I've been thinking about those pieces of furniture," he said. "Mother has some that are the apple of her eye. We can't possibly carry them to Boonesborough on horseback. We've got to get the children and necessities there first. But I thought we might take the two biggest wagons and lash them together. Then take the canvas tops of the others for extra covering. If we put the furniture in there it will be safe from the weather, or fairly so, and, though I don't say the Indians may not steal it or set fire to it just for fun, it seems to be the best we can do."

The woman assented reluctantly, realising that David's plan was the best possible in the circumstances, and until nightfall made it too dark to continue the camp rang with preparations for the departure.

## CHAPTER 38 Indian Visitors

THE night was a sorrowful and anxious one in the Halifax wagon, but by the time morning came the invalid seemed better. He was lifted carefully to the stretcher that Nancy and David had prepared for him.

In the grey light outside the last loads were being strapped to the pack animals, for the settlers had been up long before dawn.

"How's Joshua?" asked Mrs. Anderson, putting her head into the Halifax wagon, where the last preparations were being made.

Mr. Halifax answered himself.

"Getting on very well," he said. He lay propped up on the stretcher, with little Annabel beside him still fast asleep.

"Let me take your Annie to ride with my Harriett," suggested Mrs. Anderson. "I'm packing her in with the bedding on our old ox, Joe."

"That's a good idea," assented Mrs. Halifax, and, picking up the sleeping child, she carried her out to the camping ground.

A long line of pack animals met her eyes. Every beast that could be made to carry a load had been requisitioned for the purpose.

Jake's idea that the men should ride on horseback with their guns had been vetoed by David. The men were to walk, guiding the pack-horses, for progress would necessarily be very slow. The women were to walk as much as possible, also, for there were no animals to spare.

Little Harriett Anderson, fast asleep, had been put in a nest of bedding and packed into a large woven basket that hung on one side of an ox. A similar basket awaited Annabel. Into this Mrs. Halifax swiftly arranged her own blankets and quilts, with a warm hallow in the midst for the child. There she sat gazing with wide, sleepy eyes about her.

David was here, there and everywhere, tightening a pack, lifting a burden, giving advice. Breakfast was eaten on the move; no one had time to sit down.

Suddenly a little voice shrilled above the sounds of restive animals and shouting men and women.

"Nancy! I'm hungry!"

Nancy, who had just come from milking the tethered cows, paused on her way to her father's wagon, a great pail of foaming milk in her hand. She saw Annabel, now broad awake, beckoning her frantically from her perch on the ox's back. Little Harriett awakened at the sound and sat up, rubbing her eyes at her strange situation.

"I'm hungry, Nancy!"

"Just a minute, sweetheart," returned the girl. "I'll just give

Father his breakfast and then you shall have yours!"

Annabel nodded. "Ist a minute," she said sedately to her neighbour across the ox's back. "Father has his breakfast, then we shall have ours."

Harriett accepted the dictum silently. The children of the backwoods learned patience in early infancy. Annabel reached out and patted the broad flanks of her steed. The ox continued stoically to munch the corn David had put before him. He was tethered to a stake in the ground.

When Mr. Halifax had had his breakfast of bread and milk, Nancy brought out two brimming wooden bowls to the children.

"Be careful not to spill it on the nice clean quilts," she admonished them gently. The grey air of dawn was being warmed by the first light of the rising sun behind the hill to the east of the camp. The scents from the forest were sweet, and the first sounds of awakening animal and bird life came from among the trees. Nancy, whose spirits were recovering from the anxiety of the night before, smiled happily to herself as she helped the children.

Suddenly a woman's cry of terror from behind her made her turn. Over the hill to the eastward, gilded red and gold by the rising sun behind them, came riding a band of Indians on horseback!

After the one cry there was silence in the camp. Everyone gazed, frozen with apprehension, at the warriors above. Against the coloured light in the east they looked gigantic. They were about twelve in number. They wore tall feather headdresses, and carried long, slender lances in their hands. They had paused on the brow of the hill, and sat their ponies, looking down into the valley below them, evidently surprised at what they saw there.

David's voice was first to break the silence that had fallen on the settlers.

"Put down your guns!" he shouted. Simpson and some of the other men had snatched at their muskets.

At the sound one Indian, evidently the leader of the band, came riding down the slope of the hill.

David advanced to meet him, his arms outstretched in the gesture of peace.

The Indian came into the middle of the camp, pulled in his pony, stuck his lance into the ground and sat looking curiously about him.

"Who are you?" asked David, in the sign language known to all Indians.

"We are Cherokees," answered the other. "We go on a hunting expedition."

David knew this was not true, for the braves were painted for war. But he said nothing of his suspicions. He was not interested in the Indians' warfare unless it were directed against the whites.

"Who are you?" asked the Cherokee, in turn.

"We are the white men who bargained with the Cherokee chief for the land beyond the wilderness. We go to take what we have bought," answered David.

The Indian grunted, ill-pleased. But he evidently had no plan to stop the progress of the white men. Without another word, but with a brusque gesture of farewell, he turned his horse and galloped up the slope again, and the whole band of warriors, feather head-dresses streaming in the wind, wheeled their horses with his and disappeared whence they had come.

The whole apparition had taken less than five minutes. The settlers drew long breaths and wondered, almost, if it had been an illusion.

"Do you think they'll attack us later on?" whispered Mrs. Halifax.

"I hardly think so, Mother," answered David. "But the sooner we get inside the walls of Boonesborough the better for all of us."

He turned to the others.

"Are you ready? Forward!" he called, and the cavalcade moved off to the wilderness trail.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

## The Wise Emperor

SOME rulers have been great conquerors, others great statesmen, and others great legislators. But there was one emperor of ancient times whose glory it is to be known in history as "the philosopher."

He was born at Rome nearly a century after Jesus died, and was adopted by the reigning emperor, whom he succeeded on the throne. But from the first he associated with himself in the sovereignty another adopted son of the late emperor, and together they reigned as emperors with equal rights and in perfect friendship, each taking his part in the government and in the work of repelling enemies.

The philosopher emperor had from his infancy the very best education that his age could afford. He tells us himself that he had masters in every science and polite art, and he has gratefully given us their names and modestly recorded that he owed everything to them. When he came to power he handsomely rewarded them for all they had done for him.

All through his life the emperor most carefully carried out the duties of the various high offices he filled, and although he was naturally a student who would have liked to devote his life to books and learning, yet when he was urged to accept the throne he fulfilled its duties conscientiously, never neglecting even the smallest task.

He was a man of peace, but his reign, owing to the attacks of enemies, was one long war. He chose his lieutenants wisely and was everywhere victorious, showing mercy and clemency to his enemies when they were in his power. Even when one of his own generals tried treacherously to seize the throne and was killed by his troops, the humane emperor did not visit the treachery on the family of the traitor, as was the custom of the day, and even forgave the actual accomplices. He proved himself everywhere a brave soldier and a skilful general.

Though in many ways, as in the treatment of his enemies, the emperor acted almost like a Christian, he appears to have disliked the Christians, possibly because he thought they acted against the interests of the State, and cruel persecutions took place in his reign of which he must have had knowledge, if he did not distinctly order them. It is one of the curious problems of history how so kind a man could have favoured so cruel a policy.

He died at Vienna in his fifty-ninth year, regretted by his whole empire. He has left us a book in which he jotted down his thoughts from time to time, and this has become a famous classic. Here is his portrait. Who was he?







# And the Night Shall be Filled with Music



## D! MERRYMAN

A TEACHER had been instructing a class of small children in the elements of geography, and was asking them questions to see if they had been attending.

"Now," she said, "can any of you tell me what a mountain is?"

There was a pause, but at last one little boy ventured to hold up his hand.

"Well, Johnny, can you tell us what a mountain is?"

"Please, teacher, it is a lot of land pointing up in the air."

### Curtailed Word

COMPLETE, I am a privilege exclusive,  
By many sought with hope elusive.  
Curtail me, and for sacred use I'm claimed;

Once more, and your own head you've named;

Curtail again, in Erin's Isle I then abound,

And if again you venture, a father will be found. *Solution next week*

### Suitably Honoured

A YOUNG man with an inflated opinion of his own importance once called upon a very busy lawyer, and was kept waiting for some time.

When he was shown into the lawyer's office the young man said indignantly:

"I imagine, sir, that you do not know who I am. My father is the director of a railway company."

"Take a chair, please," said the busy lawyer.

"And my uncle is a bishop," continued the young man.

"Take two chairs, please," said the lawyer.

### What Am I?

IN me are placed all sorts of things,  
Coats, waistcoats, money, pins,  
and rings.

That I am useful none deny.  
Upon the coach I'm rather high.  
Theatre, opera, there I am.

The richest man in Rotterdam,  
If he were to the play to go,  
Do you think he would despise me?

No!

If you are able me to do,  
I think I'll always come to you  
To take my part; now, this is clear—

When I get one upon the ear. *Answer next week*

### An Old Weather Rhyme



IF clouds be bright,  
'Twill clear tonight;  
If clouds be dark,  
'Twill rain—do you hark?

WHEN is a hat not a hat?  
When it becomes a woman.

### Remember This

THE difference between rising every morning at six and eight in the course of forty years amounts to about 29,000 hours, or well over three years. Think of this when next you find it difficult to get up in the morning.

### One Good Turn—



OF Willie Jones I'd like to sing,  
A boy who never did a thing  
To vex a fish's mind.  
With rod and line and pin well bent

To angle Willie never went.  
Said he: "Twould be unkind."

So when across the stream he'd go,  
Big, grateful fish from down below  
Popped up for Willie Jones.  
And Willie tripped from nose to nose

(Just as my truthful picture shows),  
As if on stepping-stones!

### Is Your Name Rosseter?

THE names Rosseter and Rossiter are derived generally from the city of Rochester, and were no doubt first given to people who lived at Rochester or came from there.

In some cases, however, these names are derived from Wroxeter, in Shropshire.

### Proof

THE court was lost in the maze of arguments produced by counsel for the defence, and at last the judge intervened.

"I think," he said, "it will be better if you do not pursue that matter any further. You might as well attempt to prove to the court that two and two do not make four."

"I can do that quite easily," said the barrister, with a smile.  
"Two and two make twenty-two."

### What Are These Words?

IN each case the word is composed of two other words. Can you find them?

To make known, containing a girl's name and a weight.

Information, containing to perceive and a projection.

To enlarge, containing a preposition and a mark left by folding.

To attack, containing an animal and to be ill.

Artifice, containing layers of earth and a jewel or precious stone.

Sarcasm, containing a verb and anger.

Vivacious, containing an indication of danger and an insect.

A quarter of a year, containing a large body of water and a male descendant.

Unskilful, containing science and a comparative of little.

To control, containing a human being and a period.

Wearisome, containing to exhaust and more or less.

To sustain, containing to eat and a harbour. *Answers next week*

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What am I? The letter a

A Double Charade Cowslip—buttercup

A Riddle in Rhyme Scissors

## Jacko Holds His Own

JACKO and Adolphus always squabbled about the bath. They both wanted a bath at the same time, and one morning they nearly came to blows about it.

Father Jacko rushed out of his room in a frightful temper. He couldn't stand a noise early in the morning.

"I never heard such a pandemonium in my life," he said indignantly. "I'll stop it!"

And he did. In future, he said, Adolphus was to go to his bath at half-past seven, and Jacko at eight o'clock.

"And if I hear any more noise," he declared, "I'll give you both a good thrashing!"

For a long time the plan worked very well. Mr. Jacko kept his door ajar to see that his orders were carried out, and neither Jacko nor Adolphus dared to disobey.

But after a bit he thought everything had quieted down, and didn't bother any more about them.

"I don't think we shall have any more trouble now," he said to Mrs. Jacko.

At first Jacko liked the plan enormously. He had half an hour longer in bed than Adolphus, and he used to snuggle down under the clothes when he heard Adolphus going into the bathroom and grin contentedly.

But as soon as Father Jacko didn't bother to keep an eye on them Adolphus became lazy. He would hop out of bed and turn on the bath water very slowly, and then get back into bed again. And he was always so long having his bath that Jacko never had enough time for his, and so he was late for breakfast. And Mr. Jacko grumbled.

Besides, Adolphus filled the bath so full that he took all the



They always wanted the bath at the same time

hot water, and there was none left for Jacko. And nobody hated cold water more than Jacko.

He made a frightful fuss about it, but Adolphus only jeered at him.

"Better go and sit in the copper on washing day if you're so fond of hot water," he said with a grimace.

And, of course, Jacko was cheeky, and got into trouble for that.

Jacko put up with it as long as he could, but at last his patience came to an end. And one morning he had a busy five minutes in the bathroom before Adolphus got up.

Ten minutes later, when Adolphus was sitting in a lovely hot bath, whistling, a strange thing happened.

The water began to get lower and lower, and before he knew where he was he was left high and dry!

He couldn't make out what had happened till he saw the plug had been pulled out of the bottom of the bath. A piece of string was tied to it, and the string went through the keyhole, and was being gently jerked by somebody at the other side of the wall.

Adolphus was furious. "I'll be even with you, you young rascal!" he shouted. "You just wait!"

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### The Bed Tailor

So unscientific is the manufacture of beds and bedding that furniture dealers employ special tailors to alter mattresses to fit the different types of bedsteads.

The United States Department of Commerce is now trying to standardise bedsteads, so that there will be only seven or eight stock sizes instead of nearly a hundred.

Four manufacturers are involved in making a complete bed: one makes wooden bedsteads, another iron beds, another bed-springs, and another the actual mattresses.

### Le Tailleur de Lits

La fabrication des lits et de la literie est si peu scientifique, que les marchands de meubles emploient des tailleurs spéciaux pour modifier les matelas afin qu'ils s'adaptent aux différents modèles de lits.

Le Département du Commerce des États-Unis s'efforce actuellement d'établir un type de lit, de façon à ce qu'il n'y ait que sept ou huit raméros au lieu d'une centaine environ.

Il faut quatre fabricants pour construire un lit: l'un fait les bois de lits, un autre les sommiers de fer, un troisième les ressorts de sommier, et le quatrième les matelas.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## Pauline's Pocket

NANNIE said that if Pauline did not cure herself of nibbling at sweets and biscuits between meals, something disagreeable would happen to her.

"What sort of a thing?" asked Pauline.

"You'll get holes in your teeth, and have to go to the dentist and have them all pulled out, or you'll spoil one of your prettiest frocks one of these days through putting food in your pocket."

But Pauline did not believe that: she didn't want to.

When Nannie went out, Pauline put herself to bed, and she often forgot to fold up her clothes neatly and to hang up her frock on the nail behind the door. She usually threw them all together in a heap on the floor, and thought people cross when they scolded her for wearing crumpled clothes in the morning.

One Saturday afternoon Pauline went to Aunt Betty's to tea, and wore her new blue frock for the first time. There were delicious little biscuits on the table, some covered with pink sugar, and some with white; and when Aunt Betty told Pauline to help herself she not only put a great many in her mouth, but several in her pocket.

When she went home, Nannie was out, and, of course, Pauline forgot and threw her clothes upon the floor as usual. The next day was Sunday, and she put on her blue frock to go to church, and in the very middle of the sermon she thought about the biscuits.

She fumbled in her pocket, and her fingers touched something warm, alive, and furry—



She threw them down in a heap

a little mouse, which jumped out and disappeared under the seat!

Pauline screamed, and had to be taken out of church like a crying baby.

When she arrived home, Nannie said: "Didn't I say that something disagreeable would happen to a girl who is always nibbling? With your frock on the floor and crumbs in your pocket, of course you must expect a mouse there."

Pauline isn't to be allowed to have pockets in her skirts for six whole months. Which really serves her right.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

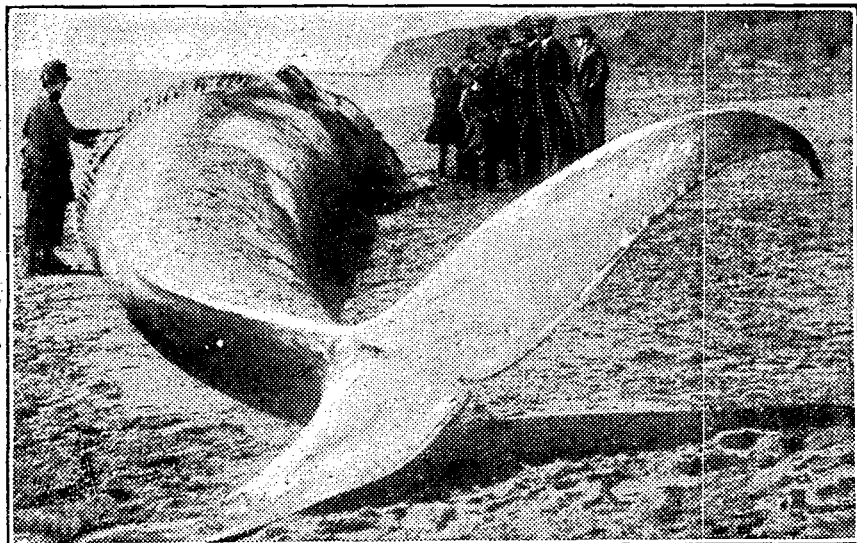
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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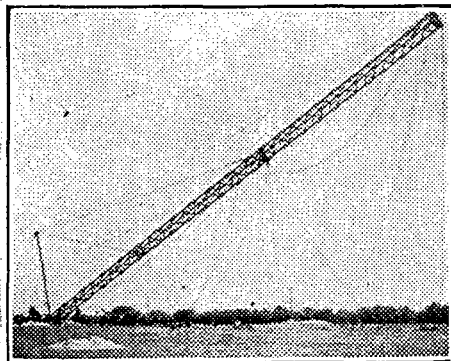
## WHALE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT · THE CAMEL PUMP · CHURCH AS A SHOP



**A Whale in the Isle of Wight**—A 45-foot whale washed ashore at Atherfield, in the Isle of Wight, after being towed out of the way of shipping in the Solent, where it was proving a danger.



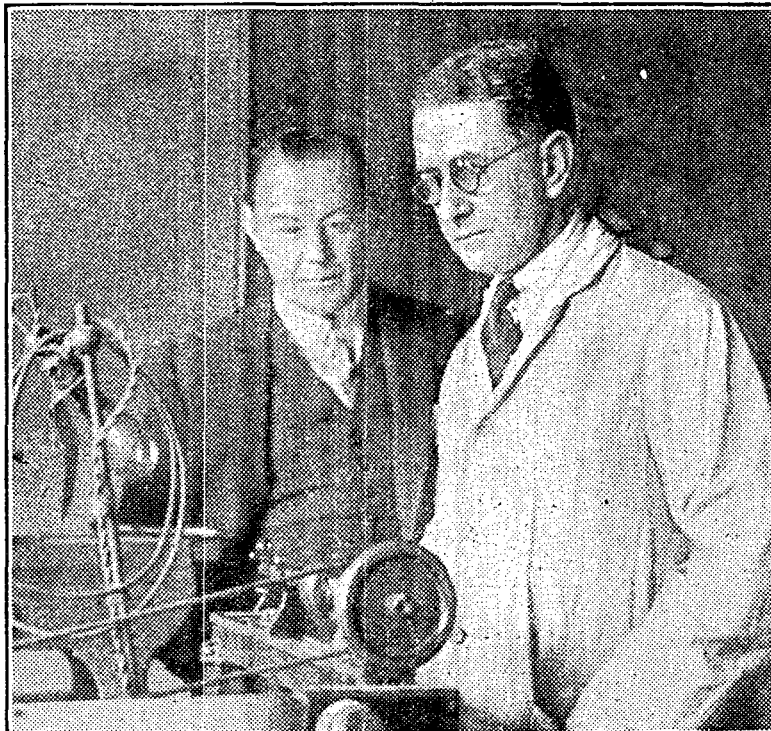
**The C.N. in China**—The pictures of the C.N. pasted on a board in the missionary school at Taichow, China, as shown here, are greatly appreciated by the scholars. See page 8.



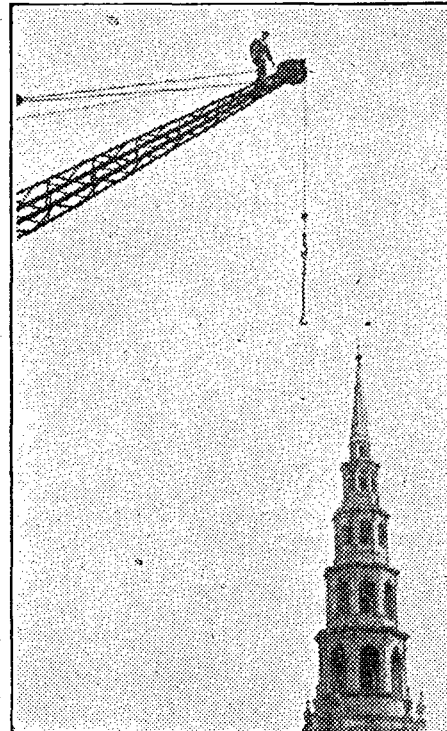
**Raising the Mast**—One of the huge six-ton, 200-foot wireless masts being erected at Braybrook, Melbourne, for broadcasting in Victoria.



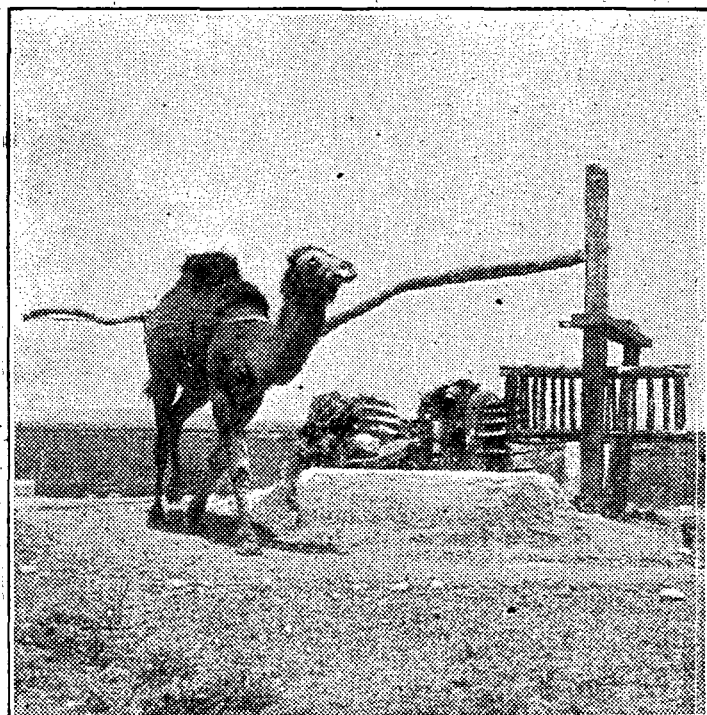
**Feeding Time in the Monkey House**—These monkeys always look forward to feeding time, and are trained to take their food from basins.



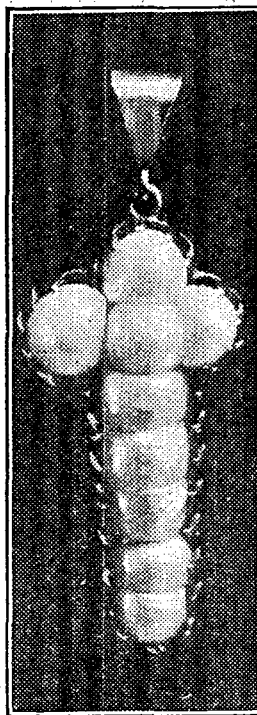
**The Inventor of the Mysterious Ray**—Mr. Grindell-Matthews, the inventor of the so-called death ray, in his laboratory with his assistant. It is claimed that the ray can stop an engine at a distance, set fire to inflammable material, and cure cancer.



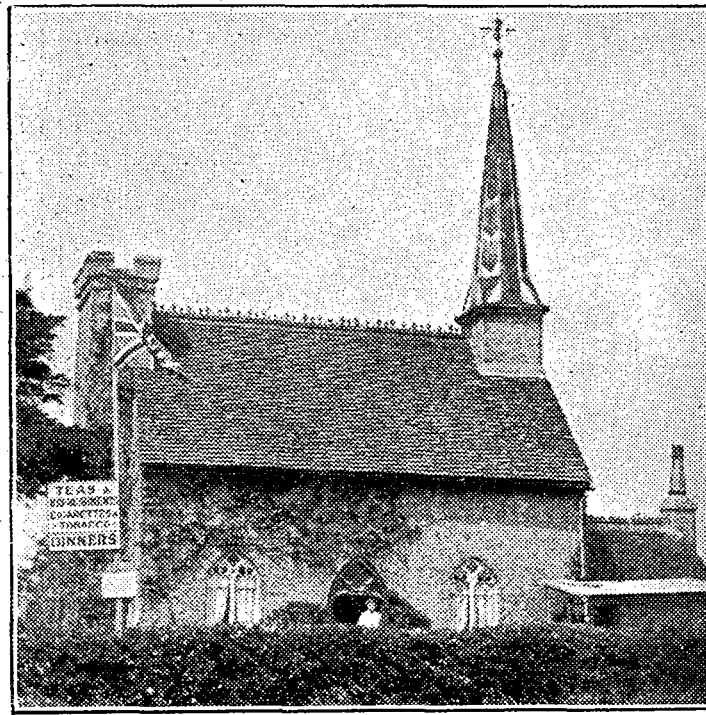
**Oiling the Crane**—This man, who is oiling a crane during building operations in Fleet Street, London, has an exceedingly dizzy job.



**Irrigation by Camel Pump**—In Morocco irrigation is carried out by very primitive methods; and this picture shows a camel turning a windlass bucket pump and raising water from a ditch for use in an adjacent wheat-field.



**A Rare Pearl**—A natural pearl in the form of a cross at Wembley. See Page 7.



**One Way of Solving the Housing Problem**—Owing to the shortage of houses this two-hundred-year old church at Blendon, near London, has been converted into a dwelling house and shop, and is now a refreshment place.

**MY MAGAZINE FOR JULY IS NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE—MAKE SURE OF A COPY NOW**

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